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"AN EFFEMINATE PUPPY."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER," "MORTON HOUSE," ETC.

HENRIETTA DENHAM and her cousin, Mary Hayes, were dressing hurriedly by candle-light, in a small, rudely-furnished room, at day-dawn one summer morning, when

Young ladies' "minutes" are proverbially long, and the present one proved no exception to the general rule; for, when the girls entered a larger though not more luxurious

the circle already assembled, which consisted of their host and hostess of the nonce—a rough but pleasant-faced mountaineer and his wife—and three gentlemen, the fellow-travel-



"He drew her hastily and decidedly back."

a knock at the door was followed by the announcement in a servant's voice:

"Breakfast's getting stone-cold, Miss Henrietta, and master says—"

"Tell papa not to wait for us, Uncle Shadrach," Miss Henrietta here interrupted; "we'll be there in a minute."

room than their late dormitory, they found breakfast nearly over; and found, also, that they were not the sole delinquents to Mr. Denham's darling virtue, punctuality—a vacant chair still remaining after they had taken their places at table. But their morning-greetings had scarcely been exchanged with

lers, before a fourth gentleman—a young and very handsome man—entered an appearance, and appropriated the unoccupied seat.

"How good of you, Mr. Ellerby, to keep us in countenance by being just a little bit later than we were!" said Miss Hayes, as he sat down between her cousin and herself.

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"I am afraid I can't conscientiously take any credit for it, Miss Mary," he answered, with a smile, and (some of the company considered) an affected shrug of the shoulders. "My constitutional antipathy to early rising has often caused me great inconvenience, and I am heartily glad that for once it has merited approbation.—May I hope, Miss Henrietta"—turning from his right-hand to his left-hand neighbor—"that you indorse Miss Mary's approval?"

"Of course," was the reply. "Who is not pleased to find his own fault lessened by contrast with that of another?"

She spoke lightly; but the young man, who knew every expression of her face, and every intonation of her voice, saw that she was very much annoyed—his conscience told him why. Nor was he the only person present who discovered the fact. Her father smiled secretly, and so far relaxed from the testy manner with which he had received the salutations and apologies of the three offenders, as to wait very patiently while they breakfasted. He took out his watch then, and held it up for the inspection of his daughter and niece.

"Do you remember the hour at which we were to start?" he asked.

"Now, papa, pray don't begin to scold!" cried Henrietta, with a glance of comic deprecation. "We did our best to be ready.—Didn't we, Mary?"

"Our very best," responded Miss Hayes. "I am sure I never dressed half as quickly before in my life.—You need not look such unutterable things, Mr. Fitzgerald! If the truth was known, I don't doubt but that you and Mr. Godwin dislike early rising just as much as Henrietta and Mr. Ellerby and myself do—though you have managed to get up such an exemplary character for it, since we have been travelling. All false pretences to deceive uncle, I'm convinced."

The gentlemen thus accused laughed, but Mr. Denham gave them no time to defend themselves.

"I only wish that you would put on a little of the same false pretence, then, Miss Mary," he said. "We ought to have been off long ago."

A general bustle now ensued, of rising from table and drawing on of gloves, and the party left the room in a body. As they emerged through the low door into the open air, they paused, with a simultaneous cry of astonishment and delight at the beauty of the scene before them.

They were in the heart of the Blue-Ridge Mountains; the house where they had passed the night being nestled at the very foot of one grand, frowning patriarch, whose rock-crowned summit towered more than a thousand feet above the lowly roof; while within a stone's-throw in front, separated from the little dwelling only by a crystal stream that flashed by in a rapid succession of cascades, rose the almost perpendicular base of another yet loftier peak—the mountain they were preparing to ascend.

Thanks to the delay caused by the sluggards of the party, they were much later than they had intended to be; the sun was risen, and the mists had dispersed sufficiently to

permit an unimpeded view around and above them. But, lower down, all was still wrapped in pale, soft-gray haze.

"Beautiful!" "Grand!" "Exquisite!"

"Magnificent!" were the exclamations uttered on all sides, as eager glances turned from point to point of the extensive prospect. The narrow gorge, about the middle of which they were standing, was in deep shadow—for the sun rose immediately behind the mountain in the rear of the house; but, like an aureola, his yellow light rested on the brow of the pinnacle that loomed up before them—loomed up to such immense height, that it seemed literally to pierce the heavens—and looked down with a blaze from which the sight shrank back dazzled. To the left, the view was closed in by a succession of peaks innumerable varied in form, height, and color. Some were clothed with the most luxuriant foliage and verdure; some were broad and brown and bare; some tall, rugged, gray. Light and shade flickered over the whole, as the level rays of the sun streamed here and there through breaks in the mountain-range, producing effects of indescribable loveliness and grandeur. But the most singular as well as the most beautiful part of the landscape lay to the right of the spectators. Almost at their feet they beheld an apparently limitless sea—calm and glassy as a summer lake—stretching before them for miles and miles, until the gaze grew weary as it attempted to reach the far-off and indistinct horizon. It was only the mist resting on the valley beneath; but so perfect was the illusion that Messrs. Godwin and Fitzgerald declared they could scarcely refrain from plunging in to take a morning bath.

"I have often heard of this appearance," said Mr. Denham, "but I had no idea that the deception could be so complete. Anybody who had not been prepared for it, would swear that was the ocean. It's wonderful, I declare!"

"Look, ladies, yonder is a sail!" cried Fitzgerald, suddenly. "Don't you see? I can actually distinguish, not only the sail itself, but the hull of the vessel."

"And there is a dark speck near it which must be a boat," said Miss Hayes, laughingly. "I wonder what it is? They were not there a moment ago."

"The sail is a point of rock, and the boat the top of a tree," said Godwin, in his slow, matter-of-fact tone. "The mist is sinking, and a breeze rising down below there, I think. And there comes the sun. He'll soon turn the ocean into dry land."

And, in fact, the sun, which had now mounted high enough to peep over the right shoulder of the mountain, at this moment poured a flood of gold over the valley.

Mr. Denham and his companions stood for some time watching the marvellous change that followed. Down, down sank the blue waters, and up rose a range of purple mountains where, an instant before, ocean and sky had met on the verge of the dim, distant horizon, leaving for a moment a vast inland sea. But it was only for a moment. Still the waters "stepped from the face of the earth." Pale-green hills and valleys began to appear all around the shores of the sea; little inlets

peeped up in every direction upon its bosom. Ah, the illusion is over! Waves have turned to mist; and even that is rolling rapidly away. And now the valley lies green and smiling in the sunshine.

"Well," said Mr. Denham, drawing a deep breath, "we must be starting.—Come, Mary, Henrietta, get into the carriage. I am going back to the house a minute, to speak to—"

The rest of his sentence was inaudible as he walked away. Henrietta looked round for Ellerby, not having heard his voice in the chorus of admiration which had been sounding ever since they came out of the house. He was a little distance off, leaning on his horse (it was Mr. Denham's opinion that the gentleman labored under a physical inability to stand alone, so invariably did he manage to find some support to rest against), and she was chagrined to perceive that he looked bored—unequivocally bored. With a sudden sense of indignation, she turned to his rival, Mr. Godwin, and extended her hand for him to put her into the carriage, which her cousin had already entered; nor would she permit herself to glance again toward the object of her displeasure, making Mr. Godwin happy by bestowing her attention exclusively upon him. But the poor man's felicity was of short duration.

"What do you say, Miss Henrietta, to a ride, instead of a drive, this morning?" said a voice behind her; and, turning, her momentary anger was quite disarmed by the sight of Ellerby's handsome, smiling face. "Hal will take your place in the carriage if you consent, while I ride his horse, and you mine. What do you say?"

"I am sure you would find the exchange pleasant," said Fitzgerald, eagerly, before she had time to reply.

"So would you!" thought Henrietta; but she only laughed, and said, "I should like it, but—" She hesitated, then added, suddenly, "But I had forgotten—I have no habit with me. And, pray, do you expect me to ride on your saddle, Mr. Ellerby?"

"There is a side-saddle up at the house, yonder. I saw it hanging in the room we occupied last night—you remember, Hal? And, as to a habit, just get our hostess to show you how to arrange your shawl on the saddle in rustic style. Surely that will do. Won't you come?"

"Here is papa. Let us see what he says about it."

Mr. Denham said, "Nonsense!" to the proposal at first, but finally condescended to give a reluctant consent rather than be detained longer from starting, to argue the point, and Henrietta alighted from the carriage.

"Mary, please see if I did not leave my salts on the seat by you," she said to her cousin.—"Don't you admire my providence, Mr. Godwin, in remembering to bring it on such an expedition as this?"

Mr. Godwin, who had been an interested but not pleased auditor of the late discussion, murmured some words, of course, in reply, and then walked off in a very bad humor to mount his horse; while Mr. Denham could not forbear saying, as he handed the smelling-bottle out of the carriage-window to her,

"Yes, it was very well you brought it; for, if you don't want it yourself, I am sure your carpet-knight will need it before he gets half-way up the mountain."

Henrietta colored, and her father regretted having vented his irritation in such a speech, when he saw how much he had pained her. "But she deserves it, for tolerating such a puppy!" he thought. And then he looked at Godwin, who was riding on in front, and sighed—for Godwin was the son-in-law of his desire. If it had been possible for him just at that moment to have looked into that gentleman's thoughts, he might have been both surprised and offended to find him saying to himself, with the decision of a man who has well considered a question, "I'll give it up!"

"What is the matter?" inquired Ellerby of Henrietta, as they walked their horses slowly down a steep, rocky descent. "Why do you look so grave?"

"I am afraid your joining our party was a mistake," she answered. "This sort of life don't suit you. I wonder you do not invent some excuse for escape, you evidently find it so fatiguing."

"I do find scrambling up and down mountains, being always on the strain of admiration over the scenery, and, above all, the horrible hours we keep, extremely fatiguing. I hate bodily exertion, I confess. But I love you. And so I came, and so I mean to stay."

"You must see that you are not gaining ground with papa."

"How can I help that? He has such a rooted prejudice against me that he sees every thing I do with jaundiced eye."

"Yes, he is prejudiced against you; but can you assert that the prejudice is not mutual. He thinks you—"

"A puppy," said Ellerby, with a slight laugh, as she hesitated. "I am aware of the fact. 'An effeminate puppy, who cares for nothing in this world but his own ease,' was the flattering remark about me which I heard him make to your cousin yesterday, when he did not know that I was within ear-shot. That is his opinion of me; and I think him—don't look as if you expect me to say something very disrespectful—I think him a very unreasonable—I may say an exceedingly impracticable—old gentleman."

"There is just about as much truth in the one accusation as in the other."

"You mean that you agree with him in considering me a puppy?" he asked, with a smile.

"Quite as much as I agree with you in calling him unreasonable. If he had been so, he would not have consented to your joining us."

"He thought I would make a good foil to Godwin."

"What an idea!"

"When we first started from home, I did every thing in my power to render myself agreeable to Mr. Denham, for I accepted in perfect good faith the tacit agreement that he would give me a fair trial, which was implied in his suffering me to join his party in the character of your avowed suitor. And what was the result of my efforts? Why, his manner showed me plainly that he despised me as

a hypocrite. After that I let alone trying to please him. I consider him to have acted very unfairly toward me, and you ought to remember this when you feel inclined to reproach me—"

"I will not reproach you again," she interrupted, despondently. "I have lost all hope. I think"—she went on, with quivering lip—"I think we shall have to give each other up."

"Give each other up!" exclaimed Ellerby, with passionate indignation. "You are jesting. You cannot mean that you will yield to such tyranny."

She put out her hand with a silencing motion, and said, in a firm though very sad tone: "I cannot marry against papa's will—that I have told you over and over again—and I am convinced that he will never consent to my marrying you. Would it not be better, then, to do at once what we shall have to do eventually—resign ourselves to separation?"

Ellerby's eyes flashed, and he burst into a torrent of reproach, remonstrance, and entreaty, which, however, was very suddenly stopped as an abrupt turn in the road brought them in sight of the carriage just entering the stream, which here spread out into a wide, shallow river; nor did he have opportunity to resume the conversation at that time. It was not until, after leaving the horses at the foot of the mountain, they had made half the ascent, and halted to take luncheon, that he could venture to relieve his impatience by recurring to the broken thread of their late discussion, which he did without preface or apology.

"It is you, not I, that have made a mistake," he said, vehemently, though in a low tone. "If you would let Mr. Denham understand at once that our engagement is a fixed fact, not merely, as he wishes to believe, a possibility, he would not—"

"Hush!" she exclaimed, softly. "This is no time or place for such a subject. With such a scene as this before you, how can you think of any thing else?"

They were standing on a plateau far up the side of the mountain, with the richest of emerald sward beneath their feet, and extending, smooth and level as a billiard-table, along the side of a tall, jagged cliff, for twenty yards or more, to the edge of a natural stone basin, from which a flood of crystal water poured over a rounded swell of the mountain to the valley below in a torrent of sparkling foam. Hundreds of feet beneath them lay spread out a prospect simply ravishing in loveliness and grandeur; range beyond range of hills and mountains, while in their midst was set a green, fertile valley, that looked like a glimpse of fairy-land when contrasted with the wildly-rugged scenery around. It was the same valley they had watched early in the morning as the sun rent away its veil of mist; but, seen from a different point of view, and at a much greater elevation, the prospect was much more extensive. This elevation, too, gave the singular sensation of standing, as it were, in mid-air, and looking abroad into space. The eye ranged round a level radius of blue ether—a "vast deep" of heaven, in which not a speck, not the slightest vapor,

broke the effect produced upon the mind of immensity—infinity.

Henrietta had approached so near to the edge of the plateau that Ellerby attempted to draw her back, as he said: "Pray don't stand so close to the brink of the precipice. You might become suddenly giddy."

"There is no danger of that," she answered; "I have very steady nerves. Just let me look down for an instant. You need not be alarmed; I have not the slightest inclination to spring over, and many people have, it seems, when standing over such an abyss. Good Heavens! how awful it would be to find one's self going down, down—"

He drew her hastily and decidedly back.

"You will find yourself doing so, if you stand here much longer!" he exclaimed. "Luncheon is ready, I think," he added, glad of an excuse to get her away.

She glanced round, and, seeing that there was a general gathering toward the other end of the plateau, where, at the side of the water, Shadrach had established his commissary department, did not oppose Ellerby's movement thither.

As they went, they looked up for the first time at the rock, which rose almost perpendicularly to a height of nearly a hundred feet above the level on which they stood—a wall of living green. From numerous fissures seaming it in all directions, water gushed or trickled forth—at some places in jets as thick as a man's arm; in others, drop by drop; and, as there was a plentiful deposit of earth on the ledges and in the deep crevices that abounded, the whole surface, thus kept constantly moist, was one mass of luxuriant vegetation. Mosses and ferns of every shade in the gamut of green, brown, yellow, and purple tints, trailing and clustering vines of all kinds, shrubs large and small, green and flowering, were intermingled with a grace and harmony of arrangement which only Nature's "cunning hand" could have accomplished; while, as a crowning adornment to its rugged beauty, an immense pine-tree grew out of a cleft forty feet from the ground, and, after curving its great, brown stem into a very picturesque (that is to say, a very erratic) right angle, shot straight upward, its heavy branches pressing closely against the surface, and its sugar-loaf crest just reaching to a level with the top of the cliff.

Miss Denham paused.

"The view must be finer from the top of that rock than it is here, even," she said. "As soon as I have finished luncheon, I am going up there—don't be apprehensive; I shall not ask you to go with me, if that is what you fear," she added, laughingly.

"That is not what I fear, as you must know," answered he, seriously.

"What is the matter, then?"

"I am really uneasy at the heedlessness with which you venture into very dangerous places. If you go, as you say, I must insist on your letting me accompany you."

"I could not think of such a thing," answered she, decidedly. "Since you would come with us, you must accept and endure as best you can the unavoidable fatigue and boredom of the excursion; but I cannot reconcile it to my conscience to allow you to

take an unnecessary amount of exercise simply for the sake of a view over which you would yawn."

"Henrietta!" he cried, warmly, almost indignantly, "why is it that you seem to delight in—"

She pressed his arm warningly—they were now within ear-shot of the party—and he was obliged to swallow his next words along with the chagrin he felt at being denied their utterance, and present an unruffled face to the several pairs of eyes that looked up at their approach.

Looked up literally, for it was a regular picnic repast; the company being reclined on the grass, around a well-spread table-cloth. Mr. Denham enjoyed the distinction of a seat on a bear-skin which had been brought for his accommodation, and the young ladies were equally fortunate; but the three young gentlemen had to content themselves with Nature's covering to Mother Earth—the soft, green velvet sward.

Everybody seemed hungry, and everybody was in good spirits, so that the clatter of knives and forks, and the clinking of glasses, mingled pleasantly with the lively conversation and gay laughter around. Ellerby hoped that Henrietta had forgotten her proposed expedition; but he was mistaken.

"Good people all," she said, suddenly starting up before any one else had half finished luncheon, "if you will excuse me, I am going to the top of that rock, to see the prospect. And I should like to see you all as you are sitting here; so pray don't any of you move.—Mr. Ellerby!"—for at this instant he moved—"Mr. Ellerby, don't you mean to oblige me by sitting still?"

"If you are going to the top of that rock, I hope you will let me go with you," he answered.—"I can't think that it would be safe for her to venture alone."

The last sentence was addressed to Mr. Denham, to whom he turned with a look of earnest appeal—an appeal which would certainly have been heeded had it come from any one else. But Mr. Denham was inclined to suspect that a quarrel between the lovers was imminent, if not already in progress. Henrietta had obviously been provoked by the late appearance at breakfast of her cavalier; and he had shrewdly noted that when the equestrians had approached the carriage for the first time after starting, they were both looking unusually flushed and excited; he was sure there had been some passages of words not strictly amatory between them; nor did it escape his observation that there was a decided difference of opinion between them at the present moment. Far be it from him, thought the anxious papa, to interpose, either directly or indirectly, in the prevention of that consummation he so devoutly desired—a lover's quarrel. If the tacit engagement now existing was but once broken off, he was sanguine that he would be able to prevent its ever being on again. So, instead of interfering decidedly to prohibit what at another time he would have considered a rash folly on the part of his daughter, he only looked up and said, carelessly: "Why do you want to go before the rest of us do, my dear? I am not sure that it is safe for you to be climb-

ing about without a guide. You might get lost."

"Get lost between here and the top of the rock!" laughed she. "Why, papa, didn't you observe the road that leads up to it? We left it just before turning the corner of the rock to come here. It is as plain as possible; I could not get lost, or hurt either, if I tried."

Saying which, she walked quickly away, without further comment from anybody, and the ripple of conversation, which had been interrupted for a moment, was immediately resumed. Only Ellerby remained silent—his eye following her retreating figure with an expression of grave disapprobation, almost displeasure; while his lips were compressed in a manner that Mr. Denham thought very promising for the prospect of the quarrel he was so anxious to promote. When Henrietta reached the corner of the rock, she paused, glanced back with a smile, kissed her hand, and disappeared.

"Don't look so much offended, Mr. Ellerby," said Mary Hayes, in a low tone (he was sitting next her); "I am sure Henrietta did not know it would be so annoying to you, or she would not have gone."

"I am not offended, but uneasy," he answered, in the same tone. "She is so rash."

"Why, what possible danger could there be? The road is as plain as A, B, C. I think you are very fanciful."

"I hope so. But you must admit that discretion—or we will say prudence—is not the virtue for which young ladies are generally most distinguished."

He smiled as he made the last remark, and joined in the general conversation; but his attention was at least equally divided between that and the point of rock overhead, where he expected to see Henrietta appear.

It was at least twenty minutes—more, perhaps—before he saw the rim of her straw hat emerge above the outline of cliff that cut sharply against the cloudless sky. First her head, then the graceful fall of her shoulders, came in sight, and then her whole figure stood in broad relief on the clear, blue ocean of air. Certainly she looked exquisitely pretty and graceful, as she threw her hat back from her forehead, and waved her handkerchief in triumph. Ellerby felt more disposed to indulge his admiration, as he noticed that she kept at a very prudent distance from the edge of the cliff—not seeming at all inclined to the rashness he had condemned an hour before. She was so almost perpendicularly, though obliquely, above them, that it was not easy to look up long at a time—particularly as she did not, like themselves, enjoy the advantage of being in the shade, but stood in the full sunlight.

"You can't imagine how grand the view is from here!" she said, in quite an elevated tone—for they seemed to her very far off. "And I never saw a prettier picture than you make sitting there." She had some pebbles in her hand, and began tossing them carelessly over the brink of the cliff—trying if she could shy them clear of the tree which was immediately in front of where she stood. "You must come by this place in making the ascent. Won't you, papa?"

"If it is not too much out of the way," responded Mr. Denham, in stentorian voice, looking up for an instant, and then blinking very much as he hastily withdrew his eyes, and proceeded to help himself to a final glass of wine. As he sipped it slowly, with appreciative *gusto*, he chanced to remember Ellerby's warning against Henrietta's solitary expedition, and, exerting himself to look up once more, he called to her: "Don't stand near the edge there, child."

"No, papa—I will sit down and wait for you," she replied.

"Well, it is time for us to be moving," said Mr. Denham, unfastening the napkin that was attached to his button-hole.—"Shadrach, did you fill my flask this morning?"

"Yes, sir; you'll find it in your pocket."

The old gentleman paused as he was about to rise, and put his hand into his pocket to be certain that the flask was there. Just as he had satisfied himself on this point, he was startled as he had never in his life been startled before, by a half-stifled, gurgling cry, followed by a sort of crashing sound in the air above. Instinctively he looked up at the cliff—and the place where he had seen his daughter standing the instant before, was vacant! Only the grand, silent rock, and the deep-blue sky, were there.

Bewildered, as well as shocked, the old man turned his dazed vision to his companions around. They were all gazing at the cliff, with different expressions of the same feeling—horror. The two guides, who had been taking what they called their "bite," sitting on the grass a few yards from the party, were staring up, their heads thrown far back, their countenances full of astounded awe; Shadrach's gingerbread-colored face had turned of an ashen paleness, and he stood with parted lips, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets. Miss Hayes, Godwin, and Fitzgerald, sat as if transfixed—with white faces and straining eyes directed to the place where Henrietta had been; Ellerby was hastily pulling off his boots.

It was the slight noise made by his throwing the first one from his hand, that broke the spell which had fallen on them all. Godwin and Fitzgerald started up from the ground; while Miss Hayes, with a shriek of agonized terror, seized Ellerby's arm with both her hands, crying:

"Where is she? What has become of her?"

"She fell into the tree," he answered, mechanically, as, shaking off the grasp without ceremony, he gave a last tug at his remaining boot and sock, succeeded in getting them off, and sprang to his feet. Flinging off his coat as rapidly as he had rid himself of his boots, one or two bounds brought him to the base of the rock immediately beneath the tree. There he stood still for an instant, looking up; but he could neither see nor hear any thing of Henrietta: the dense green foliage above him was perfectly motionless. Yet he felt confident that she must be lodged—perhaps in a state of insensibility—among the branches. He had seen her sit down just after speaking to her father; then he had seen her move, still sitting, a little nearer to the edge of the rock, and bend forward to

gather a cluster of flowers; and then a sort of haze had come over his sight, as he felt rather than perceived that she was losing her balance; a blurred, indistinct vision of wildly outstretched hands faded from his view in a mist of midnight blackness; he heard a half-shriek drowned in a heavy crash; the darkness passed from before his eyes as suddenly as it had come, and he saw that she had disappeared. For a second of time, he had been like the rest, paralyzed—looking in dumb despair at the spot where she was not. But, almost before recovering his suspended breath, life flashed back through his veins—power to his mind; and his resolution was taken. In moments of desperate excitement, it often seems as if man's spirit communicates to his body a capability to achieve that which, under ordinary circumstances, would simply prove a physical impossibility; and Ellerby prepared as confidently to scale the rock before him as if it were a mere matter of walking up-stairs. He had placed one foot in the crevice of a rock, and, with a spring upward to catch with his hand the gnarled root of a tough-fibred vine, was about to commence his perilous ascent, when Godwin, seizing his arm, arrested his progress.

"Good Heavens, Mark!" he exclaimed, hurriedly, "you surely are not going to try to climb that rock? Why, you will fall, to a dead certainty, if you attempt it—and kill yourself without doing Miss Henrietta any good. We must think of some safer way. These mountaineers ought to know what to do. Get down, and we'll call them."

"Impossible!" answered Ellerby. "Let go my arm, George—I must go! There is not a moment to lose. Let go my arm!"

He spoke with such quiet resolution that Godwin involuntarily obeyed. Drawing back, he and Fitzgerald exchanged glances, as, without another word, Ellerby began to mount the perpendicular face of the cliff.

"We had better stand under, to try and break his fall," said Fitzgerald.

Godwin nodded, and shoulder to shoulder they stood, directly beneath the adventurous climber, so that they could receive him in their arms if he fell. He did not fall. Laboredly, but much more rapidly than would have been conceived possible, he went upward—in a very zigzag course—turning from side to side as he found a crevice, projection of rock, a vine or a shrub, by which to hold either with his hands or feet. The mountaineers drew near and watched with mingled astonishment and admiration; while Godwin and Fitzgerald, though not at all surprised (for, having known Ellerby all their lives, they knew that under the sybaritic exterior which it was his pleasure or his affectation to wear, was concealed as daring a spirit as ever lived), were in momentary apprehension that his strength and endurance must fail. It was evident that the muscular effort he was exerting was intense, and probably the physical pain he suffered not less, as they could see that his hands and feet were bleeding profusely—their own persons, indeed, being sprinkled with the blood that dripped from his feet every time he withdrew them from one resting-place to take another step.

He had gone up to the right of the tree,

and was now on a line with the trunk, where it shot out at a right angle from the cleft in which it grew. But there was a space of at least four feet between—four feet of smooth surface, covered only by moss—with not a crevice or ledge which might serve for foothold. He paused, seemed to consider, turned still farther to the right, and continued to ascend until he came to where one of the lower limbs of the tree swept the rock with its outer branches. The limb itself was some little distance from the rock, but he leaned back until his shoulders rested against it, and, with infinite difficulty, managed to twist himself round, and clasp it firmly with his arms. Then he swung his feet loose from their support, and hung suspended—a shower of blood-drops coming down on the upturned faces of the two men who stood shuddering beneath. Still suspended, he moved along the limb toward the stem of the tree for five or six feet, when, by a sudden, desperate effort, he threw up his feet horizontally, after the manner of expert climbers of trees, caught them around the limb, and, with a quick motion, whirled himself over from the under to the upper side, where, with arms and knees embracing it, he lay on his face perfectly motionless for some minutes—two slender streams of blood dripping from his hands and feet.

"Can nothing be done?" cried Godwin, in a tone very different from his usual deliberate drawl. "My God! it is horrible to stand here idle, and see him killing himself!—for if this goes on much longer, he must faint from loss of blood, and fall then, of course. What can we do?"

"God knows!" returned Fitzgerald, nervously clinching his hands. "Perhaps the guides can suggest something," he added, hastily turning to them.

The only suggestion they could make was that, if they had ropes, it might be possible to let down one of their number from the top of the rock into the tree, and then to haul him, Ellerby, and the lady, up that way. But ropes had not been fetched, and it appeared, on inquiry, that it would require three hours, at the very least, for one of the men to go to the nearest house for them, and return. Still, as this seemed the only chance—for all agreed in the opinion that Ellerby could do nothing in the way of getting the lady down unassisted—one of the men was dispatched instantly for ropes and further assistance, with the most urgent exhortations to haste, and munificent promises of reward.

The two young men turned from this brief colloquy, with the intention of calling to Ellerby to keep quiet and wait the assistance for which they had sent. But before they could speak, he lifted his head, raised himself on his hands and knees, caught round the stem of the tree, and pulled himself to his feet. Afraid of startling him if they spoke, they kept silence, and watched again with the most painful apprehension, as, with apparently renewed energy, he began to mount the tree. Before he had gone far, he was almost lost to their sight, the thick foliage very much excluding the light from what, in contrast to the glare of the surrounding sky, looked to their dazzled eyes like a deep green cavern. A gleam of his white shirt was visible once

or twice—but even that soon disappeared, and they could see nothing but the shaking of the branches beyond which he had vanished. This went on for some little time, accompanied by a crushing sound on the side next the rock, and they thought that once they heard a faint scream. It was very shortly after this that Ellerby reappeared, descending as he had gone up. He established himself in a fork made by one of the largest limbs, leaned over, and, looking down, called to them:

"She was a little stunned at first by her fall, and is a good deal bruised, I fear—but not seriously hurt, she thinks. I suppose there is no rope to be had?—none was brought with us, I mean?"

"One of the guides has gone for ropes and assistance," was the reply.

"How soon is he likely to return?"

"Not for two or three hours, I'm sorry to say," answered Godwin.

"That won't do," said Ellerby. "Henrietta's strength will fail if she is not relieved very soon. You must make a rope as quickly as possible. Cut the two bear-skins into strips, the table-cloth (there are some napkins and towels which will do also)—take every thing you can find—my coat, your coats, if necessary—and twist a strong rope at least fifty feet long. Don't lose time! I will tie it around her waist, and lower her to the ground by it."

"But how are we to get it to you?" asked Godwin, while Fitzgerald started off to set about the work at once.

"While you are making the rope, I will prepare a string to draw it up by. Be sure of one thing, George—that the knots are tied securely."

"I will. I'm afraid you are badly used up yourself, Mark! Let down your string as soon as you can, and I'll fill my flask and send up."

"Do. But, for Heaven's sake, make haste about the rope!"

"We will," answered he again. "Call me when you are ready for the flask."

Without waiting for a reply, he hurried over to the group, who were already busy with the bear-skins.

Miss Hayes was sobbing hysterically, but she was holding one of the skins to keep it steady, while Fitzgerald, on his knees upon it, was cutting it into strips with his penknife. Mr. Denham (whose florid complexion had changed to sallow pale) was assisting the mountaineer with the other skin; and Shadrach had the table-cloth in hand. Godwin's first care was to fill his flask from one of the bottles which Shadrach had tumbled unceremoniously on to the grass when clearing the cloth a minute before; then, putting it into his pocket, he joined the rope-makers.

For amateurs in the business, and considering that leather and linen are not very well adapted to being twisted together, they got on famously. Before their task was half completed, Ellerby called for the flask; and when Godwin hastily answered the summons, he found a red, knotted string, dangling down to a level with his face, on examination of which he shook his head rather doubtfully. Ellerby had cut off both his shirt-sleeves at the

shoulders, torn them to strips, and tied them together with bloody fingers.

"I'm afraid it's not strong enough to bear the weight of the flask, much less that of the rope," said Godwin. Let me see!—Shadrach," he called, "didn't I see you put a ball of twine into your pocket, this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring it here."

Shadrach obeyed; the end of the twine was tied to the end of the string, and the latter drawn up until Ellerby had the twine in his hand. With this substantial link of communication between himself and his friends on the nether earth, he was soon in possession of the flask of brandy—which, indeed, he needed very much, and refreshed himself with immediately.

After what seemed to him an age of waiting, the rope was completed. He hauled it up, and fastened the end securely to the tree—after which, at his request, Fitzgerald, Godwin, and the guide, in the order of their respective sizes, tested its strength thoroughly, by swinging on to the extremity that still hung down. Satisfied that it was safe, Ellerby now pulled it up, attached it to his arm for convenience, and once more climbed up to where he had established Henrietta. She looked woe-begone enough—wedged into a very secure but by no means comfortable seat among the branches—and though she did her best to return her lover's cheerful greeting with an answering smile, her success was but indifferent.

He produced the flask; made her, much against her inclination, take a good draught, and having tied the rope around her waist as tightly as it was possible to draw it without inflicting positive pain, and instructed her to put her hands above her head, and in that position hold it firmly; and having, he scarcely knew how, succeeded in assisting her down to the branch from which she was to be lowered, he paused, and took out his handkerchief to blindfold her.

"You would become giddy, if your eyes were not covered," he said, as she seemed inclined to demur to this part of the ceremony. "Don't be alarmed; the rope is safe; I—What is the matter?"

"You don't suppose I am thinking of myself, do you?" she cried, almost indignantly. "I don't care a straw for myself. But you, Mark!"—she burst into tears—"what don't I deserve, to have caused you such danger and suffering? Look at your hands and feet! and you are so pale! Oh, I am sure you are badly hurt some way! You must come with me—or I can't go! I can't leave you here!"

"You will not distress me unnecessarily, I am sure," he said, gently. "These are only scratches on my hands and feet, and I am not hurt otherwise. Hold still, love."

She obeyed, and he had already adjusted the handkerchief over her eyes, when he suddenly removed it, and she saw that he was smiling, though there was a very unusual hesitation in his manner.

"Let me kiss you before you go," he said, simply. "It will be the first time!"

Whether the people who were watching below saw the very affectionate response

which she made to this modest request, Henrietta neither thought nor cared. She only felt that any question of parting between Ellerby and herself was set at rest—that they belonged to each other now and forever.

Perhaps it was well that he had given this turn to her thoughts—for so absorbing were the reflections called forth, that she was scarcely conscious of any sense of fear, when a moment afterward she found herself descending slowly through the air. It was certainly well that she did not see, as the others did, the tremendous muscular effort which was required to lower the rope gradually, now that every inch of it was wet with the blood flowing from her lover's lacerated hands. Before she was within five feet of the ground, Godwin, who was a very tall man, seized her in his arms—not assuredly in any lover-like ecstasy, but in order to release Ellerby as soon as possible from the danger (which he saw to be imminent) of losing his balance, and falling headlong forward. For the same reason, Fitzgerald unloosed the rope from her waist with an expedition which was marvellous, considering how hard the knot was tied.

Once on her feet, she tore the handkerchief from her face, and, scarcely noticing her father and cousin, who both embraced her with tears of joy, looked eagerly up with a shudder and a sob. Ellerby sat in a fork of the tree, leaning his chest against a side-limb, upon which he was also resting his head. His eyes were closed—he was sick and faint from loss of blood, and the intense pain he was enduring. Both his hands and feet—those most sensitive parts of the human body—had been cut and bruised terribly; added to which the passage of the rope through his hands had taken every particle of skin off the palms. He was trying to rouse himself to the effort of descending—for he felt himself growing momentarily more faint, and knew that his life depended on his getting to the ground before consciousness left him. It was agonizing pain to move his fingers; but he groped for the flask, once again put it to his lips, and took a deep draught. It revived his strength somewhat, and, setting his teeth hard, he laid hold of the rope. Looking down at the figures, which he saw dimly as through a haze a long way off, he shouted, "Stand from under—I may fall!" and let himself as gently as he could off the limb.

Instead of complying with his request, Fitzgerald and Godwin placed themselves close together on each side of the mountaineer (who held the rope taut and steady), and, with heads and shoulders thrown far back, presented their broad chests and extended arms to receive him. The distance was between forty and fifty feet, and he descended, not by sliding down—the condition of his hands, not less than the knotty roughness of the rope, precluding the possibility of this—but hand under hand, until within a few feet of them, when his grasp suddenly relaxed, and he fell insensible into their arms.

"He has fainted from over-exertion and loss of blood," said Godwin, as they laid him down on the grass. "Don't be alarmed—his pulse is all right," he added, in an encouraging

tone, looking up at Henrietta, who stood "a bloodless image of despair"—too horror-stricken, by the sight of the limp form and white face before her, to be capable of achieving either the shriek or the fainting-fit appropriate to the occasion.

Plenty of restoratives being at hand, Ellerby soon opened his eyes on the group of anxious faces round him. Whether he was most rejoiced at Henrietta's safety, of which his first glance assured him; or annoyed at having fainted and been the subject of a "scene;" or amused at the effusive manner in which Mr. Denham, with tears in his eyes, patted him on the shoulder, and God-blessed and My-dear-boyed him, it would have been hard to say.

A little time, however, reconciled him into accepting the disagreeables of the situation patiently—along with its counterbalancing advantages. Words were unnecessary between Henrietta and himself, while a single glance at Mr. Denham's face was sufficient to prove that that old gentleman was conquered at last.

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE."

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIRST DINNER AT HIGH BEECH.

"O FLORRY," said Alice, when the sisters got up-stairs, "how could you go on so about the tigers and the widows in India? I'm sure Lady Sweetapple heard every word, though she did seem so wrapped up with papa and Mr. Beeswing."

"Nasty thing!" said Florry, "I hope she did!" and as she said this she threw herself into an easy-chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"Well, now, what fresh harm has she done, dear? I am sure Harry Fortescue never once looked at her. He was too much taken up with Colonel Barker's story, just as Edward was, and yet you see I am not in the least angry."

"If she had not been there," said Florry, sobbing, "I am quite sure Harry would have looked at me. But how can a bashful young man look at any one when, as soon as ever he turns round his head, he is stared out of countenance by a widow like that? That's why I'm angry."

The fact was, that Florry Carlton was rather hurt that Harry had not paid her more attention, and she put it all down to the bad influence of Lady Sweetapple, who, as you will see, will have in this story to answer for many sins besides those which she actually committed. It is not sure, had Lady Sweetapple been in the hall and Harry Fortescue on the terrace out-of-doors, that Florry Carlton would not have accused them both, or rather her, of bad faith, though it was quite impossible that, so situated, they could have set eyes on one another.

By this time the faithful Palmer had made her appearance.

"Miss Florry! Miss Florry! still sitting in that chair, and not an inch on in your dressing, and that too with the house full of company, and when you know dinner is served to the minute!"

"I don't care," said Florry. "Don't mind. There's Alice, who wants her hair done. Don't think of me."

"But I must think of you," said Palmer. "Here's Miss Alice all but ready, and you sitting idle, dawdling there. Dear, dear! what work I have with you, my dear!"

At last, after a deal of pressing and pitchforking her things on her, as Palmer said, Miss Florry was dressed for dinner, and very handsome she looked, all in white.

"Just like a bride without the orange-flowers," said Palmer.

"Orange-flowers" are out of fashion, like cards," said Florry. "Whenever I'm married you sha'n't make me a fright, Palmer. No, nor mamma either. I'll have my way."

"That you will, Miss Florry, I'll be bound," said Palmer. "How I do wish you'd take a leaf out of your sister's book!"

"What book's that?" said Florry.

"The book of patience, and forbearance, and gentleness," said Palmer.

"That's the whole duty of man," said Florry, with a wicked laugh, "and of men who are married; but it is not the whole duty of girls, as any man will find who marries me."

"Well, well, we shall see, lassie," said Palmer. "'Tis not the loudest talkers that are the best doers, and so it may be in your case."

"There's the gong!" said Alice, eager to cut this conversation short, as she knew how excited Florry was. "Let's run down, Florry, and get to the dining-room before the rest."

But on the stairs, or rather in the passage, coming out of the Butterfly-room, whom should they meet but Lady Sweetapple, who was hastening down after having had a most successful interview with Mrs. Crump.

"Dear me, Miss Carlton," the siren said to Florry, "how charming you look, all in white!"

"Yes," said Alice, "Florry looks very well in white—it suits her complexion and figure; and so I must say do you, Lady Sweetapple. Why, you look almost like a bride!"

"Only I hope a good deal happier," said the siren. "The dullest thing I know of is being a bride;" and then she sighed, a sigh that seemed to come from the very bottom of her heart.

"Wicked story-teller!" said Florry to herself. "She would be glad enough to be married again to-morrow."

But only observe for an instant how unjust she was. Amicia Lady Sweetapple did not say that she would not like to be married to-morrow. Very likely, but that, so far as her experience went, she thought it dull to be a bride. She had, in fact, done something once and disliked it. It did not at all follow that she might not do it over again, and like it better.

By this time the three were down in the hall, and there they found that the greater part of the party were already assembled, having run down by the other staircase while they had stopped to pay compliments to one another and to sigh on the stairs.

Yes, there was Lady Carlton, beautifully dressed, and reminding Mr. Beeswing, as he gallantly informed her, of the day when there was no one in the London season to be compared to young Lady Carlton. There was Mrs. Barker, richly attired in a brocaded silk, the gift of her constant colonel, and wearing round her neck that famous emerald which he had won from the Ram Chowdah. There was Mrs. Marjoram, severe and stern, in a high sad-colored dress, that looked like mourning attire, and with a bunch of scarlet geraniums in a wreath round her head. As for the men, Harry Fortescue and Edward Vernon were dressed like English gentlemen. There was nothing "loud" or "stunning" about them. But the honors of rich attire were reserved, of course, for Count Pantouffles, who stood there, turned out by his valet, as if he came out of a bandbox, with the Grand Cross of St. Lazarus and St. Abraham on his coat, and the broad ribbon round his neck. He was the very ideal of a tailor's man, and a more perfect outside it was impossible to behold.

"Dinner is served," said Mr. Podager. And then the procession of the loaves and fishes began, out of the drawing-room and across the hall to the dining-room.

Sir Thomas Carlton took Lady Sweetapple; Count Pantouffles, Lady Carlton; Mr. Beeswing took Mrs. Barker, lucky fellow! Colonel Barker, unlucky fellow! led in the forlorn hope, in the person of Mrs. Marjoram; and though last, not least in luck, Harry Fortescue took Florry; and Edward Vernon, Alice Carlton; Mr. Marjoram took in Miss Markham, who was the only stranger. How many does that make? Fourteen in all, for the rest of the "neighbors" were not to come till the next day, when the party had shaken itself a little into shape. There was only one thing to mar the happiness of Florry. It so happened that Harry Fortescue sat between her and Lady Sweetapple.

"What a bore!" she thought; "but perhaps it is better than if he sat opposite to her, and she stared him out of countenance."

On the whole, it was a very merry dinner, and, if any one felt hurt, no one showed it. Even Mr. Marjoram, whom good luck had placed as far as possible from his tormenting half, ate and drank as if he was experiencing a new pleasure.

"It does one's heart good to look at Marjoram," said Mr. Beeswing to Lady Carlton. "He doesn't look like the same man we saw arrive just before dinner."

"That I call change of air," said Lady Carlton. "Nothing does a man so much good, who is moped at home, as to go into the country and get rid of his cares."

"Ah!" said Mr. Beeswing, "but there is a saying that man carries his cares with him wherever he goes. Are you quite sure Marjoram has left his behind him in London?"

"Don't be spiteful," said Lady Carlton. "I believe she is a very good wife."

"She! who?"

"Oh, you know very well."

"Ah! I see now," said Mr. Beeswing; "but that is just what women, who are very good wives, say of others who are very bad ones. The good are always ready to make excuses for those who least deserve them."

"I don't believe any thing of the kind," said Lady Carlton, "and, in fact, I never believe any thing that I don't see with my own eyes."

"Well, if you were not blind, you might have seen it with your own eyes two hours ago," said Mr. Beeswing, "when that 'virago,' as Virgil calls one of his heroines, stalked into the house."

"Hush! pray, hush!" said Lady Carlton. "Were it not that that dear good Colonel Barker is behaving so gallantly, and talking to her so assiduously, I should be quite afraid. I really must leave off talking to you, and try to get something out of Count Pantouffles."

"Try and see what you are able to get," said Mr. Beeswing.

"How do you like High Beech, count?" said Lady Carlton.

"I like it very much," said the count, grinning and showing his pearly teeth as usual.

"But how do you like the park?"

"The park?" said the count. "I have not yet seen him; when I have seen him, I shall tell you."

Now don't any of you suppose that, when the count called the park "him," he thought it was a man, or any thing of the kind. He knew all about it; and, in so saying, perhaps he used better English than any of you. What do you say, for instance, to the gate in the Bible, which "opened to them of 'his' own accord?" So that, you see, Count Pantouffles was quite right, according to the grammar of the Bible, though he might seem very ridiculous to you who know so little of English grammar.

But you want to know what the young people were doing while the elders were discoursing? The dinner-talk of old people is generally flat and dull. They have made their game, and rest on their oars; but young people have all their life before them, and their fortune is in their own hands, to mar or make. Of those four young persons at that dinner-table, two were supremely happy, and two rather miserable. Here you stop me to ask if Lady Sweetapple was a young person. How provoking you are! We have already told you that she was under thirty—will not that satisfy you? When you say that a woman is under thirty, it is like swearing to a man's property after his death. As, when you see in those paragraphs in the *Illustrated London News* which add a new terror to death, "The will of the late Alfred Hunks, of Barnsbury Park, has been sworn under four hundred thousand pounds," it means that he has left behind him, by a long course of probity and cheeseparing, about three hundred and ninety-five thousand pounds—his property being just below the higher level which carries a higher duty—so it is,

when you say that a woman is under thirty, you mean she is close upon that age.

Now, though we should say that no woman of thirty is old, we should not call her young, as compared with young ladies of nineteen or twenty. Women of thirty, in fact, are neither young nor old. They are thirty, and that's enough to satisfy any curiosity.

When we say the four young persons at that dinner-table, we do not include Lady Sweetapple. The four were, of course, Harry Fortescue and Edward Vernon, and Florence and Alice. The two that were supremely happy were Alice and Edward, who turned to one another as soon as grace was said—yes, Mrs. Free-and-easy, grace was always said at High Beech—and talked in the fulness and innocence of their hearts till Lady Carlton gathered up her ladies with her gloves, and they left the gentlemen to themselves. What did they talk about? A thousand silly, nameless things—of their friends and their foes; of the balls that had been, and the balls that should be; of *fêtes* and flower-shows; and the Row, and the Zoo, and they were as happy as happy could be; for they were not as yet in love; or, rather, they were like our first parents in Eden—"they were in love, and knew it not." What wonder that Edward Vernon said to himself, "That's a very nice girl, I wish she hadn't so much money!" while Alice confided to Florence, while they were doing their back hair, that she "never knew Edward Vernon so very agreeable."

That was the happy pair. The unhappy ones were Florry and Harry Fortescue. At first things went on very well. For a course and a half or so, as men measure dinners, Harry talked incessantly to Florry, and she thought, as she looked across the table at her sister and Edward Vernon, "We get on just as well as they do. This comes of not sitting opposite to the widow."

All this time Sir Thomas had been busy saying the usual cut-and-dried sentences to Lady Sweetapple. He was a keen observer, but a poor converser; and, though no one appreciated wit better, no one was less witty than Sir Thomas. But, after all, there are only a certain number of commonplaces, just as they tell you there are only three or four popular tales, to which all the others may be reduced and restored. Piece the weather, and the theatre, and the opera, and the last novel, together as much as you please, you cannot eke conversation out with them unless you have a very fertile imagination—beyond a course and a half, or about a quarter of a dinner. Of course, Lady Sweetapple might have drawn the baronet on and helped him out, for she was demonstrative as well as assimilative and receptive. She could, if you will have it in plain English, give as well as take. If she had a mind, she could have carried the war into the enemy's quarters, and so rallied the baronet by smart things that she would have brought fire out of him, as steel strikes it out of a flint. But she had no such mind. What she knew was, that Florry Carlton was sitting one off her, and between them Harry Fortescue. All she wanted was, that the baronet's commonplaces might come to an end, and that she might see what she could do with Harry Fortescue.

When, therefore, Sir Thomas came to a full stop after some trivial observation, Lady Sweetapple turned to Harry, and said:

"I wish to know, Mr. Fortescue, why you changed places with the count in the break?"

"It was all because of his eye," said Harry, doggedly.

"If I were a man," said Lady Sweetapple, "I should say that was a story; but I don't say it, because you can't call me out, and I don't like to say things that lead to no result. Perhaps, if I were a very vulgar man, I should say your excuse was 'all my eye.' Is not that a vulgar expression?"

"Very vulgar," said Harry; "I can't tell where you can have heard it."

"It so happens that nothing is easier than to explain it. I used to hear that phrase at least ten times a day at one period of my life."

Now Florry made an attempt at a rescue. Here was Harry being taken away from her by that odious woman, who would not talk to papa. It was just like her—just what she did at balls!

"Was that period of your life when you were very young, dear Lady Sweetapple?"

"Yes; when I was very, very young," said Lady Sweetapple; "younger a good deal than you, I should say, and—"

"When you were not out?" asked Harry, rather listlessly.

"No; not at all. It was after I was married. In fact, it was a pet saying of my late husband. He never let a day pass without saying that something or other was 'all my eye'; and, when he wanted to mark his entire disbelief in anything, he used to add, 'and Betty Martin.'"

"I suppose you got very tired of hearing it," said Harry.

"Oh, dear, no; not at all," said Lady Sweetapple. "He was such a good husband; and, if it gave him pleasure, it did me no harm."

This seems, I dare say, a very stupid conversation; but Lady Sweetapple was not so stupid as she seemed. At any rate, it gave her an opportunity of telling Harry that she did not believe his story about the count's eye, and at the same time of telling Florence Carlton that she had been married long before she had reached her age, and that, by implication, she was at twenty-one little better than an old maid. At the same time, too, it pushed her own age back; for, of course, it makes a deal of difference to a widow of two or three years' standing, if she was married at seventeen or twenty-one.

So that, on the whole, that digression about "my eye," and even about that most mythical personage, "Betty Martin," was not so purposeless or so stupid as it seemed.

At any rate, Florry felt she had been snubbed, and she relapsed at once into her inner consciousness, to wait for another opportunity.

"So you don't believe it was pity for the count that made me change?"

"I don't believe one word of it. I am sure the count was never in your thoughts for a single moment."

"Who then?" asked Harry, suddenly, as though he would catch Lady Sweetapple napping.

But Lady Sweetapple was not a woman to be caught napping. In that respect she would outweasel all the weasels that ever slept with one eye open while the other was shut.

"How should I know? It is well known that there are few people worthy of Mr. Fortescue's attention and consideration—at least, so far as his own opinion is concerned. How can I tell what woman was at that particular moment receiving the honor of what might be called your private addresses?"

"I assure you it was no woman," said Harry, rather beginning to flounder. "If it wasn't the count, it was the sun or something bright that shone just then in my eye."

"It couldn't have been the sun," said the merciless woman, "for that was at your back. But if you get back to eyes again, only changing the eye from Count Pantouffles to yourself, I shall fall back upon Sir John Sweetapple's saying, and cry out, 'All my eye!' and I shall certainly mark my sense of your prevarication by adding, 'and Betty Martin.'"

"Vulgar wretch!" said Florry to her self, smarting with indignation. "I believe it was her own saying—that she never learned it from poor Sir John, who, I have always heard, was very well bred. More than she is!"

Now, are we siding with Florry when she has these heart-burnings? Not at all. We are all at liberty to side either with Lady Sweetapple or with Florry. It was just as natural to Amicia to try her chance with Harry Fortescue, as it was for Florry to feel hurt at what she considered the unfair proceedings of the widow. It is, in short, only the old story. When two women set their hearts on winning one man, neither will ever admit that the other has behaved well in a matter in which they are both justified.

By this time Lady Sweetapple thought she had made Harry feel sufficiently uncomfortable about his change of seat. She had gained her point, which was to find out whether he had really changed for the reason he had given. So she turned to another subject.

"How happy Mr. Vernon seems!"

"Who? Edward?" said Harry. "Well, why shouldn't he be happy, sitting beside such a very nice girl?"

"Then you ought to be very happy," said Lady Sweetapple, sinking her voice to a whisper, and tantalizing Florry dreadfully, who was listening with all her ears.

"Why?" said Harry, in the same low voice.

"Because you are sitting near some one who is very fond of you."

That, you see, was a fine stroke in Lady Sweetapple's game; for while, in fact, she told Harry, if he chose to take it so, that she, Amicia, was very fond of him, she could say so with impunity by pretending it was Florry that she meant.

"Oh, yes, indeed; I see," said Harry—the stupid Harry not seeing what was meant, and hardly comprehending the words.

Now, it was bad enough for Florry to hear her rival talking out loud to Harry; but when it got to whispering, she really could not put up with it.

"She'll have it all her own way unless I

help the poor fellow," thought Florry; and then she spoke out loud:

"Mr. Fortescue, are you going to Ascot races?"

"I don't know," said Harry, really grateful for Florry's aid, and still wondering what Lady Sweetapple meant. "I don't know. It depends on the weather, or if I get a lift down on a drag, or whether I am asked to a pleasant house to luncheon. Are you going, Miss Carlton?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Florry; "I only asked to know if you were going. Neither papa nor mamma likes races."

Poor Florry! here was another break, as they say at billiards, which she had given to Lady Sweetapple. What a goose she was!

"Not like races! and Ascot races above all others?" said Lady Sweetapple. "As you seem undecided, Mr. Fortescue, let me help you to make up your mind. Come and stay with us at Ascot the week after next."

"With us!" almost screamed Florry, who now saw the opening her silly tongue had afforded.

"Dear Miss Carlton," said Lady Sweetapple, in her softest and most mischievous voice, "you may well be alarmed, so young as you are, at my asking Mr. Fortescue to come and stay with us. But pray observe the plural; I do not say 'me'—that, of course, would be improper, and kind friends would say that I was compromised; but the fact is, dear old Lady Charity has taken a house at Ascot for me and herself, and we have agreed to ask some of our friends to stay with us for the race-week, and, you know, whatever Lady Charity does is the very pink of propriety. Perhaps, Mr. Fortescue, you could persuade Mr. Vernon to come, too. You will then be perfectly happy. I know you are inseparables."

Florry was really quite prostrated by the aggressive nature of Lady Sweetapple. Her candor, too, was most disgusting. Most young widows would have been ashamed to ask a young man to come and stay with them; but here was Lady Sweetapple taking shelter behind old Lady Charity's petticoat, and asking young men to stay with her during the Ascot week.

"It would be very delightful," said Harry; "only I don't know Lady Charity."

"That is soon got over," said Lady Sweetapple. "Only leave your card on her as soon as we leave this place, and then you will receive an invitation in due form from her. Of course, I don't really ask any one, but, somehow or other, no one will be there who is not a great friend of mine. She is so kind and considerate, dear Lady Charity! and that's why I have been asking you two young men, like a mad thing, just as if Heath Lodge were my own house."

Now it was Florry's turn to whisper, "Shall you go to Ascot, Mr. Fortescue?"

"Well, really I don't know," said Harry. "I haven't got the invitation yet, and I must speak to Edward. There are a dozen things to be done, and steps to be taken, before I go to Ascot."

He said this out loud, like a fool as he was. He ought to have known, when a lady, and a young lady, whispers to a man,

she does not mean him to bawl out his answer like a town-crier. Florry ought to have been disgusted with him, but she was not. She went on whispering:

"Don't go to Ascot, Mr. Fortescue."

She said this in such an imploring voice, that Harry Fortescue began to wonder what could induce her to take so much interest in him. Or, if she did, why she asked him not to go to Ascot. At last he thought he had found out the reason, and answered:

"Why not? I never bet. I never lost or won ten pounds in my life. It's very pleasant seeing so many friends, if the weather is fine. Why shouldn't I go to Ascot?"

If Florry had dared to speak her own mind she would have said: "Because I wish it." But then she was a young lady, a class who, as is well known, never dare to speak their own minds. So she said nothing, and again gave Lady Sweetapple a chance of which she was not slow to avail herself, particularly as Harry's loud way of answering Florry's whispers had made it easy for her to guess that Florry was trying to set him against the visit.

"Very rightly answered, Mr. Fortescue. Why shouldn't you go to Ascot?" And then, bridling up in her imperious way, she went on: "And if anybody asks you why you go to Ascot, mind you say, 'Because Lady—Charity asked me.'" She said this in such a way that a little pause, just a blank long, came after "Lady;" and any one would have thought, as poor Florry did, that the "Lady" was to be followed by "Sweetapple;" but though "Charity" followed, Harry knew, and Florry knew, that if Lady Sweetapple had dared, she would have said, "Because Lady Sweetapple asked me."

"It is some comfort," said Florry to herself, "that there are some things which even Lady Sweetapple can't do;" and she shed bitter internal tears to think that Harry Fortescue was as good as engaged to spend a week in Lady Sweetapple's society at Ascot, all because of her silly question.

By this time dinner had nearly come to an end, and, except for all this mortification to poor Florry, and a sort of feeling which Harry Fortescue had, that he had been chaffed and led into half promising to go to Ascot against his will, which made him rather unhappy, it must be confessed that it had gone off very well. No one, to see how pleasantly Mrs. Marjoram spoke and behaved to Colonel Barker, would have thought that she led the unhappy Marjoram such a life at home. Jealous as she was of him, it seemed that Mrs. Marjoram never once thought of him during dinner. He was safe out of harm's way, and she had a gallant old officer by her side, who paid her the utmost deference. As for Mr. Marjoram, he behaved to Miss Markham much in the same way as Colonel Barker behaved to his wife. Occasionally, indeed, the watchful dragon said to herself, that she would give him a certain lecture that night for flirting so with the spinster. But the colonel's siege was so constant, and he left Mrs. Marjoram so little time to reflect, that she could not always keep her eye on Mr. Marjoram, and so he really had a very pleasant dinner, whatever might happen afterward.

After all, we are not sure that Florry was not the only unhappy one of the party when the ladies swept out of the room. As for Lady Sweetapple, she was positively radiant with triumph as she rose from table; and if we consider what a cosmetic such little triumphs are to women, how they make their hearts beat, their cheeks glow, and their eyes beam bright—in fact, how necessary such a social conquest is to some women's minds—we can understand how Florry, in the bitterness of her heart, could whisper to Alice, as soon as they got into the drawing-room:

"Did you ever see Lady Sweetapple look half so ugly?"

"Half so ugly, Florry?" asked Alice, in unfeigned surprise. "Half so lovely, you mean. I think she looks more beautiful than I ever saw her before. It is quite clear that High Beech agrees with her."

"No," said Florry, in a downright way. "I stick to what I said—half so ugly. To my mind she is positively hideous."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLIMATES OF THE NORTHWEST.

THE Hon. S. Garfield, delegate to Congress from Washington Territory, and one of the ablest and most learned men in that body, has just published a pamphlet containing "condensed notes of a lecture" recently delivered by him on the climates of the Northwest. As Mr. Garfield has resided for more than twenty years upon the Pacific slope and in the interior regions of the continent, spending most of the time in travel by sea and land, he is entitled to be regarded as an authority on the subject here treated, and the contents of his pamphlet, valuable at any time, are specially valuable just now.

The building of the Northern Pacific Railroad has given a new and national importance to the great Northwest, whose vast area it opens up for the first time to the world, and has concentrated a large share of public attention upon that hitherto little-considered region. The explorers sent out by the North Pacific Company, and the various widely-circulated reports made by them in behalf of the company and the government, may be said to have pretty effectually banished the old-time idea that our Northwestern Territories are little better than "frozen Labrador;" but Mr. Garfield is the first, we believe, who has presented in a popular manner the scientific aspects of the question.

He calls attention, in the first place, to the fact, pointed out often by physical geographers, that the popular mind has accepted a supposition that degrees of latitude indicate the relative temperature of localities. When, therefore, it is stated that an unknown locality, like Puget Sound or British Columbia, lies in the same latitude as Labrador or Quebec, the inference is at once drawn that it possesses a bleak and inhospitable climate. In point of fact, this conclusion is very far from truth. It will not be claimed, he says, that the country known as the "Great West," taken as a whole, will compare favorably,

acre for acre, with the region already populated. But in delightfulness and salubrity of climate, magnificence of scenery, and variety of resources, much of it far exceeds any portion of the country lying east of the "Father of Waters;" while the composition of the atmosphere, the general temperature, and the sublime and strongly-contrasted scenery, produce an exuberance of spirits, a luxury of existence, an intense enjoyment of animal life, nowhere else experienced upon the continent.

The reasons of this are, that climate embraces a great variety of phenomena, and that temperature depends far less upon degrees of latitude than upon certain lines, which climatologists call *isothermal* when they are drawn through places having the same mean annual temperature, *isothermal* when they are drawn through places having the same summer temperature, and *isochimnal* when through places having the same winter temperature. Unlike the lines of latitude, these climatic lines follow very eccentric courses; and it is a remarkable fact that the isothermal and isochimnal lines, which on the eastern portion of our continent follow the degrees of latitude, have a very decided trend to the northwest after leaving the region of the great lakes, while in many places on the Pacific coast they run nearly north and south. The northern limit of profitable wheat-culture, which is the isothermal of 60°, pursues a very devious course across the continent. Commencing on the Pacific coast at latitude 52° north, it extends as far north as latitude 56° in the region east of the Rocky Mountains, passes north of Lake Winnipeg, and thence traverses the southern slope of the water-shed between Hudson's Bay and the Lake-Superior basin, until it reaches the longitude of James's Bay, where it enters a region known only to lumbermen and hunters. So also the isochimnal line, which passes through the city of Norfolk, Virginia, in latitude 37°, and crosses the northern end of Vancouver's Island, in latitude 51°—a difference of fourteen degrees.

In order to understand rightly the reasons of these remarkable variations of temperature, we must bear in mind that climates, so far as temperature is concerned, depend mainly upon three causes:

1. The action of the sun's rays upon the surface of the earth.

2. The movements of the earth in its orbit and upon its axis.

3. The topographical features of the earth as to relative elevation, and the position and configuration of continental masses.

To present the action of these causes in their order, we will suppose the rotary motion of the earth to be suspended and its entire surface covered with water of a uniform depth. The effect of solar heat can now be observed. That portion of the surface subject to the vertical rays of the sun becomes greatly heated, while the regions north and south are less heated as you recede from the equator, and the sun's rays strike the surface more obliquely. The atmosphere within the tropics now expands by heat, and, becoming lighter, ascends into the upper regions, while the lower and cooler strata flow in from the north and south to supply the vacuum. Thus is

established a surface current from the cooler to the warmer regions, causing a constant north wind in the northern hemisphere, and a constant south wind south of the equator. Without counter currents, this process would pile up the entire atmosphere in the equatorial regions like an immense mountain-chain, having its axial line on the equator, and extending east and west around the globe. As it is, this piling-up process, resulting from these atmospheric movements and the rotary motion of the earth, causes an equatorial atmospheric elevation of about four miles. But, as the heated air ascends, it flows off north and south, down the slopes of this atmospheric mountain-range, until it reaches regions of greater cold near the poles, where, condensing, it gradually reaches the surface of the earth, and returns again toward the equator as a cold surface current. Thus the simple action of the sun's rays would produce constant surface currents from the poles toward the equator, and constant upper currents from the equator toward the poles. The same cause would produce somewhat similar oceanic movements; so that the action of the sun's rays, taken alone, would give equal climatic conditions in equal latitudes. It will readily be seen that this constant aerial and aqueous circulation must modify the rigors of the polar regions, and cool the parched surface of the tropical area; and Mr. Garfield thinks it probable that, were this circulation arrested, animal life would become extinct within the tropics and above latitude 40° north and south, leaving but two narrow belts of the earth's surface habitable.

Such would be the result upon the earth's climate of the first of the three causes we have enumerated, when acting alone; but with the rotation of the earth a new and highly disturbing element is introduced into the problem. As the earth is a vast sphere revolving upon an axis, it follows that the motion of its surface in the equatorial regions is much greater than near the poles, because of the greater diameter of the rotating mass at the equator; and, as the atmosphere moves from east to west with the earth in its rotation, a current of air moving from the poles, where the rotary motion is comparatively slow, toward the equator, where the motion is rapid, must fall behind the movement of the earth, and to an observer stationed in its course appear to come from the eastward. The result, therefore, of a northerly current falling behind the earth's motion is, to produce a northeast wind. On the other hand, the upper currents, moving from the region of the earth's greatest diameter, and consequent greatest motion, toward the poles, must move ahead of the earth's motion, and appear to an observer to come from the westward. Hence the result of a southerly current moving ahead of the earth's rotary motion is, to produce a southwest wind. "Taking, therefore," says Mr. Garfield, in summing up, "the action of the solar heat and the rotary motion of the earth, together with the revolution of the earth around the sun, and the inclination of its axis, producing the vicissitudes of the seasons, we should have calms, variable winds, and vertical currents, as the results of expansion, in the equatorial regions; north-

east winds from there to latitude 25° or 30°, variable winds where the southwest currents begin to reach the surface just north of the northeast winds, and southwest winds in winter and northwest winds in summer farther north. These conditions are found to exist in fact wherever unobstructed by other disturbing causes."

Other disturbing causes there always are, however; and here comes in the third and last of our great climatic agencies. Instead of the earth being a smooth surface, covered by an ocean of uniform depth, we find continents and islands, of irregular shape and unequally distributed, occupying a considerable portion of the surface. Vast ridges and mountain-peaks rise from the dry land to obstruct and divert the winds; and gorges and chasms, of profound depths, influencing and often controlling the oceanic currents, scar the bed of the sea in every direction. These break up the uniform aerial and aqueous movements referred to above, and produce that seeming confusion of currents which has been the study and puzzle of climatologists and physical geographers for many years past. There is no doubt that the configuration of continents and islands, and the direction of the deep grooves in the bed of the ocean, largely influence the direction and velocity of the oceanic currents; and, when it is considered that one-half the atmosphere surrounding our globe is condensed by the pressure of its own weight within a belt four or five miles in height, being below the tops of the higher ranges of mountains, the irregularities of the surface will be admitted to materially affect, and to a large extent control, the direction of the winds in their vicinity, together with the phenomena (of temperature) dependent thereon.

Having thus outlined the various and complex effects of the three leading climatic causes, in an argument the lucidity of which we can scarcely hope to have retained, the author proceeds to consider "the operation of these various causes upon the climates of the interior and western coast regions of the continent." He points out that the Pacific Ocean, being the largest area on the surface of the globe which presents an even, spherical surface, should be least subject to the irregularities which are so common in most other localities, and should indicate with the least disturbance the effects of the distribution of solar heat and the rotary motion of the earth in the production of atmospheric and oceanic currents. The prevailing winds of the temperate zone, being westerly, should give the Pacific coast regions of America a climate of greater uniformity than that which obtains in the interior and eastern districts. "Such, by observation, is found to be the case . . . This equality of climate (39° Fahr. in winter, and 64° in summer) gives the residents of the coast districts, and especially of Puget Sound, the winters of Norfolk, Virginia, the summers of Nova Scotia, and the same mean annual temperature as Pekin, London, New York, and Chicago. The location of these great capitals on this isothermal was not the result of accident nor wholly of topographic necessity, but largely of man's intuitive perception in determining the belt

of the earth's surface best adapted to his physical and intellectual development. Nature herself has designated the locality of the great emporium of the Pacific, and it is the evident destiny of the terminal city on Puget Sound to be worthy of its place as a link in the capital chain which encircles the world."

Coming now to the oceanic movements, which are produced by the same causes as the atmospheric currents, and which have an equal influence upon climate, we quote at length Mr. Garfield's excellent description of the two great ocean-rivers which encircle the world.

"All substances," he says, "expand by heat—water as well as air, although to a much less extent. Hence arise the two principal oceanic movements in the northern hemisphere—the 'Gulf Stream' and the 'Japan Current.' In the great caldron of the torrid zone, the water is heated even as high as 85° Fahr. It consequently expands and flows off to the cooler regions, its place being supplied by colder and heavier water from the north. This, together with the great amount of equatorial precipitation, is believed to produce the ocean currents of our hemisphere, which are crowded against the eastern shores of both continents by the motion of the earth until they reach latitude 48° to 56°, where, by their motion being in excess of that of the earth, and by encountering more elevated plateaus of the oceans' beds, they are deflected eastward, and break upon the opposite coasts of the respective continents. This movement of the Gulf Stream is well understood. Leaving the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, it moves northeastward along the American coast, gradually becoming an off-shore current until it impinges upon the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, where it is deflected to the eastward, and, moving along the southern declivity of the plateau upon which the ocean cable from Virgin Bay to Valencia rests, crosses the Atlantic and breaks upon the shores of Western Europe. A portion of its volume, escaping over the plateau, moves along the northern coast of Ireland and western coast of Scotland.

"Here we have a magnificent river of warm water carrying the heat of the tropics to more frigid regions. This heat is retained intact to a great degree until the current breaks upon the shores, where it is set free, and, being carried inland by the prevailing westerly winds, renders all of Central and Northern Europe habitable. Were the Gulf Stream arrested in its flow, the German would become a frozen ocean, the British Islands would become another Labrador—would cease to grow wheat and barley, and the people would be obliged to emigrate, or perish in a frozen wilderness.

"While the Atlantic has its Gulf Stream, the Pacific has one as much grander as the ocean through which it flows. This is called the 'Japan Current.' It takes its rise in the Indian Ocean, moves northward along the eastern shore of Asia, as the Atlantic Gulf Stream hugs the American shore, until it strikes upon the Aleutian Islands and Alaskan Peninsula. Here it is divided. One portion moves northward through Behring Sea and Straits, eastward through the Arctic Ocean,

southward through Baffin's Bay and Davis's Straits, and still southward along our Atlantic coast, giving us cold northerly and easterly winds and good fish. This accounts for the abundance of icebergs in the Atlantic, while none are ever seen in the Pacific. The Japan Current, flowing from the Pacific into the Arctic Ocean, and thence into the Atlantic, carries all icebergs with it.

"The other and much larger portion of the Japan Current is bent southward by the elevated bed of Behring Sea and the Alaskan Peninsula, and flows along the western coast of America as an off-shore current until it strikes upon Cape Mendocino, in California, where a portion turns again northward as an immense in-shore eddy, while the remainder moves on southward until, by its greater specific gravity, it sinks beneath the surface and is lost. These currents are evidenced by the experience of navigators. Vessels loaded with lumber on Puget Sound and bound for San Francisco and other parts of the world, sometimes encounter squalls, and have to be relieved of their deck-loads. If this occur within fifty or sixty miles of shore, the lumber floats northwardly toward Alaska; if at a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, it floats southwardly toward Mendocino. This Japan Current does not part with all its caloric during its entire circuit of many thousand miles. The volume of water in motion is so wide and deep that, after having parted with several degrees of its heat along its more northerly course, it scarcely varies two degrees from Queen Charlotte's Island to San Francisco—a distance of more than a thousand miles. Nor does the summer elevate nor the winter lower its temperature to a greater extent. Observations show that 50° in winter and 52° in summer are about its average temperature.

"Perhaps no other portion of the Pacific coast is influenced to the same extent in its climatic conditions by the Japan Current as the districts bordering the waters of Puget Sound. This interior body of tide-water, extending nearly two hundred miles inland, having sixteen hundred miles of shore-line, covering at least two thousand square miles of surface, of great depth, and ramified by bays, channels, and inlets, in every direction, has an average tidal rise and fall of about twelve feet—the extremes being eight and twenty-four. Calculating the area of the sound, it will be found that fifty thousand million cubic yards of water are poured into and out of it by the tide every day. In midsummer, when the other conditions would produce a temperature of 90°, this vast body of water at 52° is poured in daily, and, being 38° colder than the surrounding atmosphere, at once absorbs a portion of the surplus heat, and thus aids the cool northwest breezes in keeping the summer average down to 64°. In winter the same volume of water at 50° parts with its surplus caloric whenever the atmospheric temperature is below that figure, and thus aids the warm southerly winds in keeping the winter average up to 39°. Hence, it will be perceived that Puget Sound acts as an immense heater to moderate the rigors of winter, and as a refrigerator to cool the air during the heated term. This body of water is changed

at each ebb and flow of the tide. The in-shore current, which sweeps past the mouth of the straits of Fuca, carries the outflow off to the northward, and each flood-tide brings into the sound a fresh supply of water of uniform temperature with the Japan Current."

There is another cause, moreover, which contributes very greatly to the modification of the climate, and that is the general lowness of elevation of the entire northwest basin. The interior of the continent, west of the longitude of Omaha, is a vast inclined plain, declining toward the north. The elevation at the northern end, in the latitude of the river Saskatchewan, is not much over one thousand feet above the sea. Southward the surface rises steadily—the Great Salt Lake region, and eleven hundred miles of the Union Pacific Railroad, being nearly five thousand feet high—two thousand feet higher than the tops of the Alleghany Mountains, while the two summit levels on that route are over seven thousand and eight thousand feet respectively. Farther south the table-lands increase in height until, upon the plains of Mexico, the average altitude is about eight thousand feet. It is well known that temperature diminishes about 3° for every one thousand feet vertical, and it will be perceived that from this cause alone the region of the Saskatchewan, in British America, is 12° warmer than it would be had it the elevation of the Union Pacific Railroad, and 24° warmer than if it had the altitude of the plateaus of Mexico. The route selected for the Northern Pacific Railroad has an average elevation three thousand feet less than that of the Union Pacific, while its summit levels are three thousand and four thousand feet lower. This difference of altitude alone compensates for the difference of latitude.

Mr. Garfield dwells at considerable length upon this branch of his subject, and also upon another fact which has very great influence upon the climates of the Northwest. The Sierra Nevada Mountains, which frown upon the Pacific coast from British Columbia down to Mexico itself, attain their highest elevation between the thirty-second and thirty-fourth parallels of latitude. Farther north they are less elevated, and finally, opposite Puget Sound, both they and the Rocky Mountains are so low that the warm winds from the Pacific flow through their numerous passes and spread over the whole interior basin. The result of this is, that the climate grows steadily milder from the Mississippi to the Pacific—"St. Paul being the coldest point between the Mississippi and Puget Sound, while Deer Lodge Pass, the highest summit on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, affords no lower thermometric range than St. Paul."

Moisture also plays an important part, as is well known, in the determination of climate, and the portion of the pamphlet which treats of the unusual rainfall in the Northwest, and the causes which produce it, is not less interesting nor less valuable than that which has gone before. We have not space, however, to follow Mr. Garfield through all the details of his subject, so we will conclude our article with the closing sentences of the pamphlet in which he sums up the whole matter:

"It will be perceived from the foregoing statements, that the belt of country from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, having the best climate, and consequent greatest fertility, lies between the forty-fourth and fifty-fourth parallels of latitude. Without being too cold to develop the highest activities, it is more generously supplied with moisture than any portion of the country south of it. This is the great cereal-producing belt of the West, and experience has long since demonstrated that human beings gather in greatest numbers where food is most abundant and cheapest. The future must, therefore, witness the rapid settlement of the region in question, and its early occupancy by many millions of our race."

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

It is time to go to the ball; all are ready; all are in the hall, save Lenore. The men have each two pairs of white-kid gloves in their pocket; one has plain gold studs, the other diamond and black enamel; but, oh, how poor, how small, are man's highest adornments, compared to woman's! At his best, in his dress of greatest ceremony, he is but a scrimping, black-forked biped, compared to the indefinite volume, the many-colored majesty, of beflowered, belaced, beflowered woman.

"Did you tell her we were all waiting?" asks Sylvia, in a tone of impatience.

"I did," replies Jemima, stepping leisurely down-stairs with a large mat, which her train has carried down from the upper regions, attached to her tail.

"And what did she say?"

"She said, 'Hurry no man's cattle!'"

"Was she nearly ready?"

"I don't know."

"What was she doing?"

"She was advancing and retreating before her long glass, ascertaining whether her petticoats were all of a length."

"There is plenty of time," says Scrope; "not ten yet. I remember once going to a ball in the country, and finding myself the first person there. It was an awful sensation!"

"Are you sure that I should not look better with a *fichu*?" says Sylvia, in an anxious aside, to her sister, getting out of ear-shot of the men, and craning her throat to get a view, over her shoulder-blades, at the back of her own neck. "Am I too *décolletée* behind? You know that there is nothing in life I have such a horror of as being called a 'frisky matron!'"

"It does look rather juvenile, perhaps," replies Jemima, unkindly saying the exact reverse of what she knows is expected of her.

Sylvia's countenance falls a little.

"Juvenile!" Oh, that was not what I

meant in the least! I asked Charlie Scrope what he thought" (smiling a little), "and he said, 'You look awfully jolly!' He said it quite loud. I am sure I don't know what Paul could have thought. I suppose one ought not to have asked him his opinion, poor boy, because he *always* thinks one looks nice, whatever one has on."

"Does he? Jemima" (lowering her voice, and speaking with eager sincerity), "promise to tell me every thing that you hear anybody say of me to-night, and I will promise to tell you every thing I hear anybody say of you."

Jemima does not answer; her eyes are fixed on the stairs, on which a vision has appeared, above whose head two lady's-maids are triumphantly holding flat candlesticks, to aid the bright gas-light which is already illuminating her—a vision, like a summer-night, dark, yet softly splendid—Lenore, all in black, with great silver lilies starring her hair, shining on her breast, garlanding her skirts. As she comes stepping daintily down, she does not look conscious—very handsome people seldom do; it is a prerogative reserved for faintly and doubtfully pretty ones. In her hand she carries a huge bouquet of white and purple flowers. All stare at her; but she seems to see only Paul. She goes straight up to him, her eyes shining like soft lamps, and her cheeks all rosy with happiness.

"Thank you so much!" she says, in a low voice. "I was surprised—and yet not surprised—when Nicholls came to my room and said, 'Here's a bouquet for you, ma'am.' I knew in a minute, of course. I did not even take the trouble to ask whom it was from; I *knew*, naturally."

As she talks, Paul's complexion varies, and his countenance changes; but she goes on, without giving him time to speak:

"How did you come to know all my favorite flowers? Was it intuition, or did I ever tell you? I forget. Violets, Roman narcissi, white hyacinths—all the scents that I am most wild about. There" (holding up the bouquet to his face), "you may have one sniff, one little sniff, at it—only a little one, mind!"

"Lenore," says Paul, in a mortified voice, looking red and miserable, "it was not I. I know nothing about it. To tell you the truth, I never thought of such a thing!"

Had they been alone, he would have added fond apologies; would have told her—what was the truth—that had he thought they would have given her pleasure, he would have bought her a thousand bouquets, each much bigger than a haystack; would have sent to Kamchatka for them, did bigger, fairer flowers grow there than here; but, as three people are by, his pride restrains him.

"Not you?" repeats Lenore, in a blank voice, as her arm and the now valueless posy drop to her side. "Who was it, then? Oh, of course" (following Scrope, who has turned to the fire to hide the scarlet tinge that has spread from the crown of his head to the nape of his neck) "it was you! I am right this time! Thanks so much for thinking of me."

She stretches out her hand to him, but her voice quivers.

These little disappointments are sometimes acute, as a needle, though but a small weapon, can give a sharp prick.

There is nothing further to delay the cloaking and shawling, which forthwith takes place. Paul and Lenore stand together alone for a minute.

"They have no longer the same smell," says the girl, eying her nosegay with a disenchanted look; "the narcissi's petals are already beginning to yellow and the maiden-hair to shrivel. Oh, you bad, bad Paul! just as I began to think that you must really be getting a little fond of me!"

"Don't talk such nonsense," replies Paul, brusquely; "cannot you see with half an eye, that I am in a greater rage with myself than you can possibly be with me? But Lenore" (hesitating a little), "now that you know that I—fool that I was—did not get it for you, are you still going to take it?"

"Of course I am," replies Lenore, decisively; "though it is the bouquet of disappointment, it gives a nice finish to one's toilet; if" (with a coquettish pout) "one is not provided with legitimate bouquets, one must console one's self with illegitimate ones."

It is an Infirmary Ball; one of those balls, therefore, at which, in *theory*, gentles and simples meet and frolic with happy equality and unity; at which, in *practice*, the gentles glide gracefully about at the top of the room, and the simples plunge and caper at the bottom. There is more air, more space, more every thing that is desirable, at the lower end near the doors, but to remain at that end is to confess an affinity with the butchers, the bakers, the haberdashers, of the good city of Norley. At the expense of any amount of elbowing, pushing, bruising, one must work one's way up to where one's peers sit enthroned on red-cloth benches. They are rather late. Slowly they work up. Paul escorts Lenore; Scrope, Sylvia; Jemima, herself. A gallop is playing, and a hundred, two hundred people, are floundering, flying, and bounding round, as Nature and their dancing-master have taught them. Little women burying their noses in big men's coat-sleeves; big women trying not to rest their chins on the top of little men's heads; men who hold their partner's hand out, like a pump-handle, sawing the air with it up and down; men who hold their partner's hand on their own hip, describing an acute angle with the elbow; men who hug their partners like polar bears; men who hold their partners uncomfortably tumbling out of their arms, as if they were afraid of coming near them; men who run round their partners, men who kick, men who scratch, men who knock knees—every variety, in fact, of the human animal, rushing violently round, doing their best to make themselves giddy and tear their clothes.

"Are you going to dance this with me, or are you not?" asks Lenore, impatiently; "because, if not, I will ask some one else—I mean, I will make some one else ask me."

"Of course I am."

"What are you waiting for then? why don't you start? I am mad to begin! Turn to turn! if they play this air when I am in my coffin, I shall jump up and gallop in my shroud!"

In a second more, the black and silver gown has joined the merry mad rout of reds, and blues, and greens, and whites. After

half a dozen turns, Lenore pants a little, and says:

"Stop."

"That means that I dance badly," says Paul, releasing her from his arms.

"It means that I am never long-winded; doctors often say that I ought not to dance."

"Not really?" incredulously looking at her cheeks, carnationed by the movement of the dance—at her great clear eyes. "I say, Lenore, do I dance very atrociously? It is a thing that I do not do once in a month of Sundays."

"Not very," replies Lenore, rather slowly; "you have not quite got into my step yet, but that will come." (Then, seeing him look a little mortified:) "You are not like Major Webster, who leaps his own height in the air every step he takes, and gets round the room in three *bounds*, like a kangaroo."

Paul laughs.

"That is modest praise."

Meanwhile Sylvia has been safely piloted to the top of the room, and enthroned between Mrs. Webster and another diamonded dowager. Jemima and Miss Webster remain standing. To take a seat is virtually to confess yourself shelved; to remain standing, is an advertisement that you are still to be had.

"You won't take a turn, I suppose?"

Scrope says to Mrs. Prodgers, as he prepares to saunter away.

She has so often announced her intention of not dancing that he thinks the invitation—in itself dissuasively worded—may be safely hazarded. But human prescience is often at fault.

"Would you mind holding my bouquet for me, dear Mrs. Webster?" says Mrs. Prodgers getting down with some alacrity from her bench. "Thanks so much! You see" (with a little affected shrug), "I am fated not to be left in peace. It seems a little hard upon the girls, doesn't it? but one cannot *pass on one's* partners, can one? they would not like it. I assure you I had no more idea of dancing—but one gets so tired of saying 'No,' 'No,' 'No'—such an old friend, too—you need not smile—he is *really*!"

"Quite right, my dear, quite right!" replies Mrs. Webster, nodding good-humoredly. She is very comfortably perched herself, and she has long given up her daughter as a bad job. "I only wish that Miss Jemima could find a partner too—where is James?" (standing up on the raised foot-board, whence she can get a commanding view over the company's heads); "he was here a minute ago, and he had no partner then—his had thrown him over—I am sure he would be most happy!"

"Oh, no, no, no, thanks!" replies Jemima, in a frenzy at the thought of being crammed down James's unwilling throat. "I am quite happy, I assure you! I *like* looking on; it amuses me, and some one will be sure to turn up just now."

Miss Webster smiles; she always does: she has smiled through eight-and-thirty years of hope deferred. Callow boys and fat old married men are her sheet-anchor, and she is on the lookout for such now.

The dance ends; the sound of scampering and shuffling ceases suddenly; people's voices

drop from *bawling* pitch to their natural key; everybody streams to the doors. The house seems to have been built for the express purpose of furthering love-making. From the ballroom long corridors diverge in every direction, dimly lit; and out of these corridors open many quiet rooms, also dimly lit.

"Let us go into the passages!" cries Lenore, "and I will show you all the holes and corners, where I perpetrated my worst atrocities in flirtation last year."

"On the same principle, I suppose," replies Paul, laughing, "which makes a man always take his second wife to visit the tomb of his first?"

They find a bench, retired, yet not lonely, where, in shade themselves, they can see men and girls, men and girls, men and girls, go trooping by: couples flirting, couples not flirting, couples trying to flirt, couples trying not to flirt. It is a bench that only holds two people; well armed, well cushioned, where, half hidden behind Lenore's spread fan, they lean together and whisper gayly.

"Paul! Paul! do you see that girl?—how dirty the body of her dress is?"

"Cannot say that I remarked it."

"It is, though; as dirty as the ground! She and her sisters always make a point of coming to these balls in filthy dresses, to mark the distinction between themselves and the clean, crisp, townspeople."

"It is patrician dirt, is it? I respect it."

"Do you see that big person in pink? Last year she went to the Assembly in a wreath of *mistletoe*; you may imagine the consequences."

Paul laughs.

"Her partner always gets very drunk! Last time I saw him was in the Ansons' supper-room; he was sitting on a lump of ice, crying bitterly."

"Lenore, why are you hiding your face?"

"Hush! hush! young Anson is coming this way; he would be sure to ask me to dance, and dancing with him is like going into a *battle*, without the glory."

Young Anson passes safely by, looking neither to the right hand nor the left.

"I breathe again, Paul!" (edging a little nearer to him, and dropping her voice, more for the pleasure of whispering than from any dread of being overheard). "Paul, do you mean to let me dance when we are married?"

"H'm! I shall see."

"We shall not be able to go to many balls," says Lenore, sighing, "for we shall have no clothes."

"Speak for yourself."

"We must stay at home, and have tea and shrimps; of course, we shall not be able to afford dinner."

"Shall not we?" (looking rather aghast). "Does dinner cost more than tea and shrimps?"

"Of course it does: shrimps are only fourpence a pint!"

Paul shudders.

"Could not you make it *prawns*?"

"Certainly not; tea and shrimps it must be—perhaps water-cresses in the height of the season—and, after tea, you will read the paper in carpet slippers—not the *Times*—we shall not be able to afford the *Times*—but

some penny paper—and I shall sit opposite you, with my hair *flat to my head*, and *low down over my ears*—is not that it?—hemming a duster!"

"I do not believe you *can* hem."

The music has struck up again: Lancers, this time. Fewer couples trail and saunter by: most have returned to the ballroom. The fiddles' sharp, loud squeak comes more softly to their ears; the merry cadence and marked time of the Lancers; then the little pause in the music, that tells one, without one's seeing, that the girls are all courtesying, and the men, with arms linked together, are galloping madly round, like savages before a wooden god.

Lenore's eyes dance softly, too, in this dusk place.

"Lenore, I have a favor to ask you."

"Not a very big one, I hope."

"You will think it immense."

"What is it?"

"That you will dance with no one but me, to-night."

He had expected her to accede with eager alacrity, but, on the contrary, she says nothing.

"I know that I dance badly, *vilely*," continues Paul, coloring a little. "I have long suspected it, and to-night" (laughing a little) "I learned it *for a certainty*, from your face, and from the eagerness with which you engaged me in conversation in the pauses of the dance, to hinder me from starting afresh. But why *should* we dance? *Could* we be better off than we are now?"

"Not easily," she says, and says it truly; but she still evades replying to his request.

"I want to have a feast of your society to-night," says Paul, earnestly. "Think what a fast I have had!—six months! We seem to know each other so little yet, and even *there*" (giving a vague nod to express Sylvia's abode), "jolly as it is, we never seem to get five minutes' talk without Jemima bounding in at one door, or Sylvia ambling in at another, or those imps of Satan rushing in and playing the devil's tattoo on one's shins."

"Children of Belial!" says Lenore, tersely. "Good Heavens, Paul! how I hate the young of the human species! Don't you?"

Paul looks rather shocked.

"Don't say that—it is unwomanly!"

"Of course," retorts she, sarcastically, "to a man they may be imps of Satan, but to the ideal woman they must always be cherubs—biting, kicking, scratching cherubs; but *cherubs* always. By-the-by, Paul" (with a sudden change of tone), "how is the ideal woman? Have you seen her lately?"

Paul turns his head away, and says:

"Fiddlesticks!"

"Paul, Paul! I have an idea! How red you are! Look me in the face—don't turn the back of your head to me. Is it *she* that wears her hair flat, and eschews *friettes*?"

Paul turns round as bidden. His face is undeniably red; he is not laughing, and his eyes are rather defiant.

"What if it is?"

"Does she wear a poke bonnet?"

"Perhaps!"

"And a gray cloak down to her heels?"

"Well?"

"I know all about her," says Lenore, resentfully, her eyes flashing and cheeks ablaze. "A puritanical little prig!"

"I do not see what good it does you abusing a person you have never seen," says Paul, in a rather surly voice; "nor what it has to say to whether you are willing to sacrifice this one evening to me or not."

"Certainly not!" replies the girl, angrily. "Why should I? What have you done to deserve it? Yesterday you scolded me till I cried; everybody saw my red eyes. To-day you forgot the common civility of getting me a bouquet; and you are always trotting out another woman's virtues and beauties at my expense. *Certainly not!* I will dance like a Menad with all my old friends."

Paul's forehead wrinkles into a frown, and his mouth turns down, as is his way when extremely vexed.

"All right! Do!" he says, in a constrained voice.

She had spoken with petulant half-meaning, had expected to be coaxed, entreated, scolded even, out of her perverse determination; but he employs neither coaxings, entreaties, nor scoldings—he acquiesces with dumb pride. They sit side by side in sullen silence, till disturbed by the sound of approaching voices, feet, and the long rustle and swish of a woman's infinite gown.

"You must take me back to the ball-room," Sylvia is saying, as she flutters her fan and smiles; "you must, indeed. If people come out and find us sauntering about here, they will be sure to say that I am flirting with you, and there is nothing in life that I should dislike so much as that—oh! here you are!"

Both are too sulky to answer.

"Not been dancing? Very wise of you! Look how much better you have come off than I!—in ribbons—absolutely in tatters! And Charlie has got a yard and a half of me in his pocket—have not you?"

She looks up at him playfully, with round, complacent eyes, and then stops suddenly.

To even Sylvia's comprehension, it is evident that he has not heard a word she has been saying. His eyes are fixed with steady intendment on Lenore. Paul is gazing vacantly down the long vista of the fast-refilling corridors.

"Are you engaged for the next dance, Miss Lenore?"

"What is it?" (nonchalantly) "a quadrille?"

"It is a waltz."

She peeps at Paul out of the corner of one eye; not a sign of relenting on the ill-tempered gravity of his face. Well! she can be as cross and sulky as he, at a pinch.

"No—I am not."

"Will you let me have it?"

"Certainly."

"Shall I be likely to find you here still after I have taken Mrs. Progers back to the ball-room?"

"I will not trouble you," replies Sylvia, rather offended at the slight hint of anxiety to be rid of her unintentionally implied in these last words. "I am going" (with a coquettish smile) "to put myself under Paul's protection.—Do you hear, Paul? I am going

to put myself under your protection. You are not going to dance? No? Neither will I! We will sit here and criticise everybody—yes, we will talk you both well over" (shaking her bouquet at Scrope); "if your ears burn, you will know what to attribute it to."

Lenore has risen, and, while Sylvia is speaking, she bends and whispers maliciously to Paul, "Pleasant meditations on poke-bonnets and flat heads to you!"

He does not take the slightest notice.

She puts her hand on Scrope's arm, and walks off. Twice, thrice, she looks back, but not once has she the satisfaction of detecting her lover's eyes wistfully seeking hers. Silently they enter the ballroom and join the just-beginning whirl. Lenore is thoroughly out of tune—angry with herself, enraged with Paul, furious with Scrope. If any hole can be picked in his performance, he may be quite sure that she will not spare him. She is, however, deprived of that satisfaction. Scrope's performance is as much above praise as Paul's was below blame. He dances superbly. It is a small accomplishment, and does not add much to a man's social value, but in a ball-room it is the giver of great joy. Once in his arms, a delightful sense of security and strength comes over Scrope's partner; a blessed certainty of immunity from jostling; of being borne along steadily, rapidly, buoyantly, with the swift smoothness of a swallow's flight; all trouble taken off her hands, and only pleasure left. Lenore loves dancing intensely; with an intensity, indeed, seldom met with among sad and sober Englishwomen. On her the mere music, motion, and measure of the dance, have an effect verging on intoxication. Down the long room they fly together; the floor seems nothing to them; they are floating on air, while the music swells loud and sighs faint, bursts into mad merriment, and dies in voluptuous complaints. Lenore has forgotten her anger—has forgotten even Paul; all feelings are merged in one of acute, sensuous enjoyment—a feeling languid, yet exciting; luxurious, yet exhilarating. Many couples, who set off at the same time as they did, are standing still to rest, panting and breathless; but they still fly on with untired, joyous grace.

"Shall we stop? Am I tiring you?" Scrope asks.

"No, no! Go on, go on!"

"I wish to Heavens it could go on forever!" says the young man, losing his head, and foolishly whispering into the white ear that is so temptingly close to his face.

The spell is broken.

"Stop!" says Lenore, imperatively.

He obeys, and stands gravely beside her, his broad chest heaving a little with his late exertions; some strong suppressed excitement giving an expression painful yet eminently becoming to his straight-cut Greek face.

"I thought you said you were not tired?"

"No more I am."

"Why did you say 'Stop,' then?"

"Because you were beginning to be a fool."

"I began that long ago; six months ago, in church; in Guingamp Cathedral—if you wish to be exact."

"You insist on being a fool, then?"

"I said that I wished this waltz could last forever, and I stick to it," says the young man, doggedly. "I do wish it."

"Tastes differ," says Lenore, scornfully. "I know nothing that I should dislike more than an eternity of capering with you."

He bites his lip hard, but attempts no retort.

"Shall we take another turn?" says Lenore, presently; mollified by his silence, after an interval spent by her in tapping with her feet and beating time to the music. "That is to say, if you will promise not to be a fool."

"I promise nothing."

"Well, then, we must risk it, I suppose," replies she, with a careless laugh. "Mind, it is no compliment to you. It is solely for my own satisfaction; for, though you may be a fool, you dance like a seraph, and I cannot bear to lose a bar of this."

Away, again, light as a feather; as if blown by the breath of the music. Once off—her anger unroused again by any rash remarks from her partner—the same sense of delicious enervation as before, steals over Lenore. It is like floating on a summer sea, as the music whispers, whispers, then laughs out and triumphs, in a loud, glad clasp.

And Scrope—"Every dog has his day," they say, and this is his. It is a wretched little day; but still it is his! She may be Paul's for all after-life—nay, she will be, of course; who can hinder her? But for these divine, mad minutes she is his! It is not Paul's arm that is round her waist; it is not Paul's heart against which hers is panting; it is not Paul's shoulder on which the milk-white beauty of her arm is lying. All earthly pleasures must end, and a waltz is, in its very essence, one of the shortest; the music ceases. As they turn toward the door they come face to face with Paul. He makes as though he would pass them without speaking; but Lenore addresses him:

"What have you done with Sylvia?"

"She is dancing."

"And you? Why are not you?"

"Because I hate it!" (emphatically).

"You might have given Jemima a turn; she very seldom gets a partner, and she likes dancing."

"Even with me?" (with a sneer).

"I wish you a better temper," says Lenore, hastily, moving on.

They pass out into the passage.

"Why have you come here?" cries the girl, fretfully; "it is draughty. I shiver; let us go back to Sylvia—to Mr. Webster—anywhere!"

"You do not shiver when you are with other men," says Scrope, resentfully.

"Other men do not stare at one, as if they were going to eat one!" cries the girl, indignantly. "Good Heavens! Charlie, how much better I liked you when you were only a stupid, silent, sulky boy, before you adopted these unpleasant man's airs."

In defiance of appearances, Scrope stands stock-still; he is young enough to be galled by allusions to his age.

"Lenore," he says, almost imperatively, "stop gibing at me; after to-night, I give you a *carte blanche* to abuse me as much as you

please behind my back—to mimic me for your friends' amusement—to show me up in as humiliating a light as it pleases you—you are quite capable of it—but, *for to-night, be civil.*"

"Mend your own manners, then," cries the girl, tartly. "Who gave you leave to call me 'Lenore?' For the last few days I have remarked that you have been slurring over the 'miss;' please to replace my style and title immediately."

"Is it worth while," asks the young fellow, more calmly, but with great bitterness; "is it worth while accustoming one's self to call you 'Miss,' when you will so soon be 'Mrs.?' For all my future life, I swear to you, I will try to think of you only as 'Mrs. Le Mesurier;' but, for to-night, be *Lenore*, plain *Lenore*!"

For all answer, she bursts out laughing. "Excuse me; it is rude, I know; but you reminded me so forcibly of the tale of the man at a ball, who, when the music stopped suddenly, was heard saying to his partner, at the top of his voice: 'Do not call me Mr. Smith; call me *plain William*!' and, as he was remarkably ugly, he was called '*plain William*' ever after."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COFFEE, AND HOW TO PREPARE IT.

AMONG the most valuable stimulants which act effectively upon the nerves, and at the same time are perfectly harmless, coffee takes the highest rank.

In coffee, Liebig says, we obtain certain advantages for furthering the performance of mental or bodily functions, for warding off disturbing influences on the state of our health—in short, for the preservation of a normal equilibrium which is not exactly to be defined. If this drink had not that effect, we should soon cease to enjoy it. The action of coffee is chiefly directed to the nervous system. It produces a warm, cordial impression on the stomach, quickly followed by a diffused, agreeable nervous excitement, which extends itself to the cerebral functions, giving rise to increased vigor of imagination and intellect, without any subsequent confusion or stupor, such as characterize the action of narcotic medicines. On the contrary, it produces wakefulness, and resists the effect of opium. It also moderately excites the circulatory system, and stimulates digestion. A cup of coffee, taken after a hearty meal, will often relieve the sense of oppression so apt to be experienced, and enable the stomach to perform its functions with comparative facility. In medicine, it is a valuable remedy when there is a tendency to stupor or lethargy, dependent on deficient energy of the brain, congestion, or inflammation; also for many conditions of the nervous system resulting from prostration. Its history is proof of its safe and harmless nature when used in a proper manner.

Few readers require to be told that coffee is a seed of a tree or shrub, growing from ten to fifteen feet in height, and indigenous to Arabia and the adjoining parts of Africa, but extensively cultivated in Asia and America. It was used very generally in Persia as early

as the ninth century, and in 1517 was introduced by the Turks into Constantinople, whence it was carried to France and England about the middle of the succeeding century. From a chemical analysis we obtain a so-called peculiar coffee-principle, upon which the flavor of the coffee depends, and gummy, mucilaginous, and resinous extracts. The peculiar coffee-principle consists of caffeine, essential and aromatic oils, etc. Some of these, as caffeine, are extracted from the green seed by maceration in water; while others, as the aromatic oils, require the roasting process in order to develop them. The aromatic oils of pure coffee are tenaciously retained by the fatty oils, and are only freed by the application of heat.

Having shown the value of coffee as a wholesome stimulating beverage, it only remains to point out the best mode of preparing it. The common method of extracting the valuable properties of coffee by boiling is now discarded by all who have a clear conception of the nature of the article.

The greatest care should be observed in the process of roasting the coffee, as upon that depend its flavor and stimulating qualities. Fresh, sweet seeds should be selected, placed in a covered vessel over a moderate fire, and stirred continually until they have acquired a chestnut-brown color, when the process should cease. If too long continued, it renders the coffee bitter and acrid, or, by reducing it to charcoal, deprives it entirely of its flavor. Every thing else being equal, fresh-ground berries make the best coffee. When a cup or a larger quantity is desired, boiling water, at its highest unconfined temperature—viz., two hundred and twelve degrees Fahr.—should be showered upon it, the aroma being secured and retained by a water-joint made by the cover of the urn or other vessel in which the coffee is prepared. This water-joint should make the receptacle for the coffee as nearly steam-tight as is consistent with perfect safety. By this process the aromatic oils are extracted and retained, and not dissipated and wasted, as they always will be by boiling.

By using the water-joint to which we have alluded, the steam is condensed and thrown back into the body of the vessel containing the coffee, retaining the aroma, or fragrance, and thus saving largely in the quantity of coffee required.

There are other important considerations upon which the process we have indicated is to be recommended. This mode excludes all foreign substances for clarifying the coffee, the liquid coming from the urn or other vessel pure and clear as wine. The steam is condensed, and all the aroma or fragrance of the coffee is retained in the vessel, thus securing at all times a beverage grateful to the taste, highly flavored, and perfectly harmless as to its effect upon the nerves. By this mode of preparation, the acrid, deleterious property of the coffee, which is evolved by boiling, is wholly avoided. Experience has shown that persons of the most delicate and sensitive nervous organization, who cannot use coffee prepared in the old mode, can drink the delicious beverage, when made in the manner we have described, without the slightest injury to the system.

WILL.

YOUR face, my boy, when six months old
We propped you laughing in a chair;
And the sun-artist caught the gold
Which rippled o'er your waving hair;
And deftly shadowed forth the while
That blooming cheek, that roguish smile,
Those dimples seldom still—
The tiny, wondering, wide-eyed elf!
Now can you recognize yourself
In this small portrait, Will?

I glance at it, then turn to you,
Where in your healthful ease you stand,
No beauty! but a lad as true
And pure as any in the land;
For Nature through fair sylvan ways
Hath led and gladdened all your days,
Kept free from sordid ill—
Hath filled your veins with blissful fire,
And winged your instincts to aspire
Sunward and Godward, Will!

Long-limbed and lusty, with a stride
That leaves me many a pace behind,
You roam the woodlands far and wide,
You quaff great draughts of country wind—
While tree and wild-flower, lake and stream,
Deep, shadowy nook and sun-shot gleam,
Cool vale and far-off hill,
Each plays its mute, mysterious part
In that strange growth of mind and heart,
I joy to witness, Will!

"Can this tall youth," I sometimes say,
"Be mine, my son?" It surely seems
Scarce farther backward than a day,
Since, watching o'er your feverish dreams
In that child-illness of the brain,
I thought—O Christ! with what keen pain,
Your pulse would soon be still;
That all your boyish sports were o'er,
And I—heart-broken—never more
Should call or clasp you, Will!

But Heaven was kind, Death passed you by;
And now upon your arm I lean,
My second self—of clearer eye,
Of firmer nerve, and sturdier mien—
In you, methinks, my long-lost youth
Revives, from whose sweet founts of truth
And joy I drink my fill.
I feel your every heart-throb—know
What inmost hopes within you glow—
One soul's between us, Will!

Pray Heaven that this be always so!
That ever on your soul and mine—
Though my thin locks grow white as snow—
The self-same radiant trust may shine.
Pray, that while this, my life, endures,
It aye may sympathize with yours,
In thought, aim, action, still.
That you, O son! (till comes the end)
In me may find your comrade, friend,
And more than father, Will!

PAUL H. HAYNE.



WOMEN AS HAY-CARRIERS.

FRAGMENTS OF TRAVEL.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. O. C. DARLEY.

VI.

THE next morning, after having dispatched a very comfortable breakfast, we started out to pay a visit to the remaining sights of Berne—the Rath-house, the Roman Catholic Church, and the minster—the last a very ancient and beautiful building; the other, uninterestingly new and fresh-looking, as if just from the builders' hands. The interior of the Rath-house is comparatively old, and one of its rooms has a coved, wooden ceiling, embellished with the coats-of-arms of the different cantons, which must be of considerable antiquity. The windows of the larger and more modern chamber have some fine stained glass, either old, or most admirable imitations of the old style. The exterior of the building is more peculiar than beautiful, with a double flight of steps up to the second story, protected from the weather by a richly-carved Gothic canopy, or porch, all of soft, gray stone, most delicately chiselled in Gothic designs. The Roman Catholic Church, which stands next to the Rath-house, is a very tasteful building, not yet finished, and the grand cathedral is not far distant, on the opposite side of the town. Its uncompleted tower is sufficiently far advanced to show the designs of the ancient architects. The winding stair-

case leading to its summit is built outside of the tower, something like a buttress, except that it is composed entirely of openings—or windows I suppose they might be called—built diagonally to agree with the rising grade of the steps. On the top of the tower is the dwelling of a man employed by the city to give notice of any fires that may occur at night. At the side of the minster is a large public square, planted with fine trees, and extending in the form of a terrace, overhanging the river Aar, at least a hundred feet above its rapid current. On this terrace—from which there is a fine view of the old city, and a splendid panorama of the whole Oberland—is a bronze statue of Berthold von Zairingen, who founded the city, and named it Berne, because he had killed a huge bear on the spot. In the large open place in front of the building is another bronze statue of another famous Swiss hero, Rudolph von Erlach, who was commander-in-chief of the army of the republic in its early days. He is represented on horseback, and the railing around the base is guarded by four bronzed bears, excellently designed and cast at Besançon. The cathedral, or minster, as it is called, is now a place of Protestant worship, and has, conse-

a variety of household and agricultural pursuits.

Among the minor curiosities of Berne, of which I have already spoken, are the many singular fountains which decorate the principal squares and street-corners, almost all of them surmounted by statues of odd and grotesque design. Of these, the most original is the Kindlifresser Brunnen (the Ogre's Fountain), which stands in the Corn-hall Square, near the clock-tower. It is so called from the curious figure which decorates it, in the act of devouring a child, while several small victims struggle in his belt and pocket, evidently anticipating a like fate; below is a number of armed bears. Bruin is a most conspicuous character in all parts of the city, of which he is, in fact, the heraldic emblem, and makes his appearance on every prominent position; on the Barenbrunnen, with shield, sword, and banner; keeping guard over the pillars of the upper gate; and ornamenting the pediment of the Corn Hall.

After leaving Zurich, which owes its chief attraction to its lovely situation, the character of the scenery again changed, and we gradually approached the grand mountains, in

quently, lost a great deal of its original decoration. The great west portal is a mass of antique and peculiar sculpture. It is a deeply-sunken Gothic door, and, in the great spandrel over the oak-leaves of entrance, is a representation of the Last Judgment, much more elaborate than that at Fribourg. The number of figures is prodigious, and some of them are in high relief. Around the door and arch, there must be forty or fifty shrines, each one of which contains a statue nearly as large as life. The architecture of the outside of the minster is elaborate. There is a perforated parapet extending entirely around it, which contains a wonderful variety of Gothic tracery; no two panels seem to be alike, the architect displaying a fertility of invention quite unknown in our day. Owing to the absence of all altars, statues, and pictures, the interior, though large and lofty, has a bleak and bare effect, which even the fine stained-glass windows cannot remove. The stalls in the choir, which have not been disturbed, but remain just where they were placed in 1512, are of solid oak, and finely carved with figures and arabesques; even the handles between the seats are designed with great spirit and humor, consisting of little figures engaged in

the midst of which lies Lake Wallenstadt. On our way we saw men, women, and children, hard at work in the fields, making hay; the women, who, as you know, perform most of the agricultural labor, bearing burdens that seemed heavy enough to stagger a sturdy mule. Men were piling hay upon the broad backs of these women, as if they had been so many hay-carts. One among them I particularly remember, whose head and shoulders were completely buried under their fragrant load, nothing being visible but her bronzed arms, dark-blue skirt, and clumsy *sabots*. They are inured to this severe toil from childhood, and seem to carry these enormous loads with perfect ease, striding along under them with the firm, assured tread of a strong man. In fact, such exposure and hard work by no means add to their charms, and, were it not for the difference of dress, might sometimes make it difficult to determine their sex.

We were allowed only a few short moments to enjoy the beauty of Lake Wallenstadt, which is said to be scarcely inferior to Lake Lucerne in mountainous grandeur, when down came the rain, which had been threatening us for some hours, not in one of those tremendous torrents, which are too severe to be lasting, but in a gentle, obstinate, persevering rain, which generally endures for two or three days at least. When we alighted at Ragatz, we were conducted, under dripping umbrellas, to a very damp vehicle, which presently



A PICTURE FROM MY WINDOW.



OX-CART AND DRIVER.

conveyed us to the Hôtel Ragatz, an immense house of gray stone, once the residence of the abbots of the Convent of Pfäfers.

The next morning we were both surprised and delighted to find a brilliant sun and a cloudless sky, and I think I was even more pleased to discover the existence, close to the hotel, of a range of noble mountains, of which, the day before, we had not obtained a single glimpse, with their summits crowned with new-fallen snow. The view was beautiful, and I went out on the balcony to inspect our surroundings.

Just as we were congratulating ourselves on the return of the blessed sunlight, and were discussing the feasibility of our intended visit to the famous Baths of Pfäfers, one of our party suddenly announced his intention of remaining at Ragatz until we came back again.

"And," added he, "if you will promise not to laugh at me, I will give you my reason—I'm in love!"

"And pleased with ruin, I suppose," laughed I, "since you prefer to remain in this desolate region. But come, Phil, let us hear who it is *this* time?"

"Now there you ask a question that's a poser," answered Phil, with an attempt at a tragical sigh. "To answer, truly, Harry, I don't know, sir. It is precisely what I am determined to find out, as I have not yet even seen the object of my devotion."

"Why, this grows very interesting. Come," said I, looking at my watch,

"we have just half an hour to give you before starting for the baths, so pray let us have your adventure."

"Well, so far there is no adventure, only a desire to seek one. But you shall hear. Last night, after I had retired to my room, not feeling the least disposition to sleep, I lighted a cigar, and, throwing myself into a chair by the window, looked out into the dripping night. I do not know what I was thinking of exactly; my mind was possibly filled with a curious conglomerate—geologically speaking—of sky-piercing ice-pinnacles, roaring cataracts, majestic mountains, and fearful passes, where often but a few inches are between your precious body and the certain death that awaits you many thousand feet below, should your male chance to stumble, and where, I am not ashamed to confess, a nervous tremor has many a time seized my limbs, and my hair has stood on end, as I beheld the stones pushed from the very edge of the precipice by my reckless beast, and heard them plunging among the splintered rocks, down, down to the blackness of darkness. Once, as the calm and soothing influence of my excellent Havana began to exert itself, I found that I was, almost unconsciously, repeating various passages from my precious home letters, which forcibly recalled certain familiar scenes with an almost painful vividness. Then, again, as I looked about me at the ample proportions of the handsome room that had been assigned me, and which, from its elaborate ornamentation, had probably once been a state apartment of the Abbot's Palace, I fancied the venerable figure of the abbot himself, reclining luxuriously in some velvet-cushioned chair, complacently gazing up at his own richly-colored coat-of-arms, whose faded glories still decorate the ceiling—upon the table an open breviary, and nearer to his hand a goblet of wine, with 'dancing bubbles winking at the brim,' every draught of which, perhaps, brought to his fevered brain new visions of mitres, place, and power. Just as my thoughts were wandering off into the depths of ecclesiastical history, and was becoming exceedingly severe upon the subject of priestly ambition, I discovered that my cigar and lamp had both gone out, and, looking from the window, that the pouring rain had ceased, and the rising moon was gradually revealing the features of a landscape the great loveliness of which was yesterday completely obscured by the heavy mist. Majestic, snow-capped mountains now massed their grand forms against a cloudless sky, and seemed to girdle the beautiful valley that lay between them in a loving embrace. Suddenly, while the magnificent moon rose with peerless majesty, pouring its silvery splendor across the misty veil, and through the broken arches of a ruin that crowned an opposite height, a female voice, evidently from some fair night-watcher in the next apartment, breathed forth, rather than sang, Bertha's charming moonlight song from 'Der Freischütz.' Imagine, if you can, you who are familiar with this exquisite music, any thing in itself so beautiful, sung by a fresh, young voice with surpassing tenderness and grace. With my eyes still gazing on the lovely view from my window, and my delighted ears drink-

ing in those siren tones, I scarcely dared to breathe for fear of losing a single note. For a moment after she had ceased to sing, there was perfect silence, then burst forth cries of overwhelming applause, from both male and female voices, of 'Brava! brava! bravissima!' Indeed, so full of enthusiasm was I that I could not refrain from adding my own tribute of approval, in the shape of a rapturous 'encore!'

"But no, though urged to repeat it by her delighted listeners, in half a dozen different languages, she obstinately refused, and so great was the confusion of tongues that I found it impossible to distinguish her speaking voice, which I could not doubt was melody itself. What would I not have given for a peep into that enviable apartment! Surely no one but a German could have pronounced the language with so faultless an accent. My fancy immediately pictured a charming blonde with violet eyes and—"

"Not one bit too good for human nature's daily food, I suppose, Phil?"

"You may laugh if you will, but I should like to know who enjoyed the purest pleasure, you in your dreamless sleep, or I in my waking dreams? I would have given the world to hear that divine music again, and yet fully approved of the good taste which only allowed her to sing at the true moment of inspiration. The hum of conversation still continued, allowing my attentive ear to catch the occasional silver ripple of a laugh which I fancied could only belong to the fair songstress. Presently there appeared to be a movement of chairs, as of a visiting-party about to take leave; and now the difficulty was to discover whether my lovely *cantatrice* was staying at the Hof Ragatz, or was herself one of the visitors. Before the final adieu there was some discussion relative to the several attractions of Bad Pfäfers, Reichenau, or the Via Mala. At length all became silent; I could distinctly hear their retiring footsteps, and the door of the room close behind them, whether from within or without I could not guess; yet, quite determined to ascertain the whereabouts of my gentle unknown, and more fully awake than ever, I continued at the window, looking out upon the dark mountains and the moonlit valley.

"Scarcely had I seated myself, when, to my inexpressible delight, a hand touched dreamily the keys of the piano, and again that exquisite music rose like the breath of rich distilled perfumes thrilling every nerve with intense pleasure, and, I am not ashamed to confess it, mistily interfering with my next view of the moon.

"To have thought for a moment that she was singing merely for my gratification, would have been too flattering a delusion even for the then exalted condition of my brain. But, joking apart, for an hour or more she continued at the instrument, as if really conscious of an enraptured listener; now singing little snatches of song equally well in French, German, or Italian; now catching up and linking together the tenderest passages, but always gracefully returning to Von Weber's lovely composition.

"Early this morning the sound of carriage-wheels, the ringing of bells, the chattering

of voices, and all the bustle that usually attends the departure of travellers, called me down to the reading-room, whence I could see, without being seen, all that took place in front of the hotel. Before the door stood a carriage, within which was seated a lady by no means either young or handsome, but decidedly stout, highly-colored, and matronly; her face, at the moment I looked at her, wearing a very unbecoming expression of vexed impatience. The door of the carriage was held open by a smart-looking courier, and both were evidently expecting the young lady, who presently made her appearance, leisurely buttoning her buckskin glove as she left the hotel-step. You may guess how eagerly I endeavored to catch a glimpse of the fair face which must belong to that light and elegant figure, in its plain, gray travelling-dress. But an abominable blue veil was so coiled and twisted about her small hat, as, in the bent position of her head, entirely to conceal her face, so that I had only the slight satisfaction of seeing some massive plaits of light-brown hair resting on her shoulders, as she entered the carriage, which, after the elder lady had addressed something in German to the courier, wherein I could distinguish the words 'Bad Pfäfers,' was rapidly driven away, and soon disappeared in the distance. What if this should chance to be my musician? The elder lady, probably her mother or aunt, was unmistakably German, and the 'Baths' was evidently their destination, as well as ours. Quite elated with the hope of meeting her, which this fortunate discovery had given me, I slowly returned to my room in search of a book I had left there, with which to while away the time until the breakfast-hour.

"As I went through the passage which led to my dormitory, and was looking, very naturally, with a great deal of curiosity and interest, at the envied door of the apartment whence must have issued the delightful strains which had so enchanted me, and from which, if my lively imagination had not deceived me, the fair occupant would only be absent a few hours, I suddenly started with delighted surprise, at hearing the same voice murmuring that divine air, as if its beauty lingered in her memory as in mine. Then she and the graceful traveller were not the same, and I had at least the pleasure of knowing that the same roof still sheltered us, and that I had yet a chance of discovering her by instinct at the *table d'hôte*, where we should, perhaps, meet at breakfast. You all remember remarking this morning what a limited share of beauty there was among the very few ladies who made their appearance at the table, without being aware of the impatience with which I scanned their unlovely features, vainly hoping to find something to associate with the fair image my fancy had created. I have since learned that there are in the hotel several exclusive individuals who never condescend to make their appearance at the *table d'hôte*, among whom are two German baronesses and a Russian princess. I have no doubt—"

"That your angel may be one of these? If so, take care, Master Phil, that your curiosity is not interfered with by some 'whis-

kered pandour' when you least expect it."

"Come what come may, I am determined to leave no way untried to discover my charming siren, and, in order to do so, mean to remain here while you pursue your way to the Baths of Pfäfers."

Leaving our friend to continue his adventure, we started on our visit to the celebrated baths, which are about two miles from the hotel. The road winds through a very narrow gorge, at the bottom of which foams the rapid current of the Tamina, broken into countless waves by the numberless rocks that have fallen into it from the precipitous cliffs on each side. I think the sublimity of this passage from Ragatz to the old hotel exceeds anything I saw while in Switzerland, except the Gemmi, which was, in its turn, surpassed by the wonderful gorge of the baths. Remarkable as is the gorge of the Trient, at Martigny, it is by no means equal to this marvellous spot. Imagine, if you can, a passage, between twenty and thirty feet broad, extending for eight hundred feet between walls of rock at least seven hundred feet high. These walls are not perpendicular, but are curved, and overlap each other, in one place making a complete ceiling, and in others only permitting a ray of sunlight to enter by a reflected angle. Only here and there is the sky at all visible, while the entire bottom is filled with a roaring stream, making so much noise that conversation is impossible. The passage through this most wonderful place is effected by means of a wooden gallery, some thirty feet above the water, suspended from the rocks by iron stanchions and chains. It ends at a stone platform in a comparatively light spot, where two doors and excavated galleries lead to the sources of the two springs, one of which is hotter than the other, both being over ninety degrees Fahrenheit. Between them issues a cold spring, and the Tamina itself is of the usual temperature of mountain-streams. We saw this place to peculiar advantage, not merely because the day was clear, but because through one-half of the few openings showing the blue sky fell misty cataracts of water, against which the sun's rays played in little rainbows. The old hotel at the mouth of the gorge was once a Benedictine monastery, and, as several of us had got somewhat wet in the galleries, we contrived to obtain permission to enter the antique kitchen in order to dry our garments at the spacious fireplace. The funnel-shaped mouth of the chimney spread over it, and from the inside of this depended forty or fifty tongues, livers, and hearts of cattle, smoking for the winter food of the few who remained to take charge of the hotel through the cold months. The guests were all gone then, frightened away a month earlier by the rains; indeed, they were near being cut off altogether from communication with the outer world, owing to the damage done to their only passable road.

With this I send you a hastily-made sketch—a sort of snap-shot—made from the car-window, of a rather picturesque ox-cart and driver, the ox being harnessed, like a horse, between the shafts.

CONCERNING DRESS.

WE are an independent people, we Americans, and claim, among other inalienable privileges, the right to dress in a manner that sometimes surprises our European cousins. Travellers tell us that in London and Paris a style of street costume prevails which, in New York, would be voted dreadfully "dowdy." Elegant toilets are by no means lacking, but they are seen in the proper places. Costly silks trail over velvet carpets, not over muddy crossings; lace flounces and delicate trimmings are carefully disposed, with their wearers, in luxurious carriages, and disdain to sweep the dusty sidewalk; diamonds sparkle in the opera-box, the ball-room, or evening assembly, instead of wasting their glitter on the common air of an ordinary shopping-expedition.

These foreigners have their traditions concerning the fitness of things, but we free, enlightened Americans, scorn to be governed by petty proprieties. What is the use of having gorgeous dresses if one doesn't show them to an admiring public? and where can they be shown to such good advantage as on the street? Everybody cannot have carriages, and democratic America is not too proud to go on foot. Going in that way, however, let us put the best foot foremost, by all means. Because Mrs. Brown takes the air in her *coupé*, and Mrs. Jones's barouche stops the way at Stewart's, shall Mrs. Robinson walk Broadway in a wretched alpaca, or a dismal, diagonal serge?

Not at all! Mrs. Robinson admits no superiority on the part of Mesdames Brown and Jones. She is quite as good, if not a great deal better, than either of them. Did not she know all about them before the day of barouche or *coupé*? Consequently, she is determined not to suffer by comparison, at least in the matter of toilet. She arrays her pretty figure in a black-silk costume, charming in itself; charming for a dinner-party or evening-call; and oh! most charming of all for a promenade on our delightfully clean metropolitan pavements! It has a demitain, of course—fashion before common-sense, whatever befall!—and many ruffles, all of them bound with lovely white *gros grain*, so admirably adapted for street-sweeping purposes. Her lilac gloves (three buttons, and three dollars), her dainty lilac-velvet bonnet, with its white plumes and French flowers, her velvet jacket, with costly lace-trimming, her delicate ermine furs, and her high-heeled French kid boots, are all in perfect keeping. She has a serene consciousness, as she takes a final exhaustive survey of herself, that she can bear the closest scrutiny of Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Brown without fear of criticism.

The one comprehensive verdict—"utterly unsuitable for the occasion"—never crosses her imagination; not even when the sudden shower, which is not wholly unknown in our climate, draggles her plumes, spots her velvets, and drives her for shelter into the crowded omnibus or car, where her flounces are crushed and her laces torn by a throng

of incongruous refugees. This is an accident, heart-breaking, certainly, but to be endured like other visitations of Providence!

Mr. Robinson, who is not a rich man, and who remembers a little sorely the first cost of the damaged costume, sometimes inquires pertinently—or impertinently, if you please—whether less expensive and less perishable articles would not really be more appropriate for pedestrian shoppers. But Mrs. R. "smiles superior." What do men know about proprieties of dress? And even if the same idea comes dimly to herself—some day when she has not been rained upon, but her black silk is gray with the inevitable street-dust, and she is vainly trying to flannel-rub it into freshness again—she puts it from her with a fatal recollection of Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones. Her undying sense of duty requires her to dress as they do; and it does not lessen the responsibility that *her* bricks must be made without straw. Mr. Jones is in public life, and doubtless he can afford to renew Mrs. J.'s silk dresses quite frequently—at the expense of a long-suffering public. Mrs. Brown's husband manufactures a patent medicine, warranted—or at all events ingeniously adapted—to increase the ratio of infant mortality. Mrs. B. may be a lily of the field, therefore, and flaunt her splendors when she will, in fair weather or foul.

There is no such justification for Mrs. Robinson, present or prospective. She devoutly wishes that her husband *would* invent a vermifuge, or a soporific, or get himself made city chamberlain, or commissioner of something. But he is not likely to do either. Meanwhile, it is no pleasure to her to pinch and scrape in her housekeeping, thwarting Mr. R.'s hospitable propensities, and doing violence to her own inclinations; she does not enjoy perpetual patching and darning of under-wear that ought properly to be renewed; she feels mean when she buys cheap, ugly garments for her children, that she may have more money to spend for her own adorning; she is ashamed of never having any thing to give for a charitable purpose; and yet, she wilfully smothers her finer instincts, her purer perceptions, and persists in a course that degrades her in her own self-esteem. All for what? That she may rival her richer neighbors in a vain display—purposeless, ineffectual, and equally opposed to good sense and good taste.

Taking a seat in a Fourth-Avenue car not long since, we found ourselves opposite a shining illustration of American vulgarity. A lady (let us call her), some forty years old, and generally free from personal attractions, compelled our observation by the splendor of her attire. She wore a sheeny, shimmering, silken robe, of a wonderful peacock-color. It shaded blue, it shaded green, it caught and held the light in its heavy, lustrous folds, as gorgeously as the outspread tail of the strutting bird; and, to complete the resemblance, every flounce was bordered with a glossy row of peacock's plumes, the round, variegated "eyes" and glistening green fringes overlapping one another with a precise magnificence beautiful to behold.

To describe the details of unlimited puff,

panier, and furbelow, in this remarkable costume, would require too many adjectives for our space. It was certainly unique; in a different scene, and upon a different person, it would have been superb. But as it was, worn in a street-car, at ten o'clock in the morning, by a sallow, angular, plain, utterly commonplace woman; and supplemented by dirty, ill-fitting gloves—one of them pulled off, however, to display several diamond rings on the large, bony hand—it was something worse than ridiculous. It became melancholy as an expression of the hopeless vulgarity, the unconscious, dense ignorance, against which the champions of true beauty and elegance must wage unequal warfare.

What possible idea of either had this jackdaw in peacock's feathers? She would have stared at you in blank inapprehension if you had talked to her about the moral influence of dress, its subtle suggestions, and complicated, far-reaching consequences. To her "a primrose by the river's brim," or a gorgeous green-silk costume, with pavonian illustrations, are equally "nothing more" than they appear to be at sight. She will pass the yellow primrose without a second glance, she will buy the dress without a second thought. It pleases her uneducated taste, as brass rings and bead necklaces delight a savage; and she has no more intelligent conception of its fitness to herself personally, to her household surroundings, to her social position, or the time and place in which she will wear it, than her Pawnee sister would have.

And the worst of it is, the peacock-lady is by no means an isolated example. She is the type of a class always sufficiently numerous, but largely reinforced since the shoddy contracts of the war placed sudden wealth in the hands of those wholly untrained to use it. Generations hence—if the riches do not vanish as suddenly as they were acquired—their descendants may understand the fine art of spending money effectively. Meanwhile, it is a relief to come across, now and then, the representatives of a different creed; the creed whose worship is of harmony, not vulgar display.

Its key-stone is not money, but good taste, regulated by good principle. The young wife, entering upon her married duties with only moderate means at command, will create an harmonious atmosphere about her through these essentials. She will not buy showy furniture for her cottage parlor, and leave kitchen and bedroom in disgraceful shabbiness; she will not wear purple and fine linen when she goes abroad, and dowdy wrappers for home embellishment; she will not spread a feast for a distinguished guest, and turn away from her door a hungry beggar; in short, she will not make clean the outside of the cup and platter, in any sense, to the neglect of the inner and unseen, but all-significant side.

She has her temptations, doubtless; what woman is blind to the fascinations of *fille*, and Lyons velvet, to the refined charm of *point* and valenciennes, to the seductive grace of curling plumes, and the dainty marvels of French millinery? She looks wistfully sometimes at the silken splendors piled on shop-

counters, contrasts her fresh, young face with the fat, shapeless one of some vain old dowager, loaded down with finery already, yet buying more, and sighs at the unequal distribution of worldly goods. Perhaps she mentally calculates the cost of a "swell" dress for herself, and takes in rapid review the possibilities and contingencies. The new carpet for the dining-room, though it is very much needed, certainly might be deferred a *little* longer; Johnny's overcoat is short in the sleeves, and pretty shabby generally, but still it *might* answer for a third winter; a new morning-dress for herself could be given up; various kitchen economies could be practised for a time; she need not go to the Philharmonies this winter, and she can drop her subscriptions to the Orphan Asylum and the Old Ladies' Home. The dress is really within her reach, these and a few other trifles being sacrificed; but she hesitates to sacrifice them, and turns away from temptation with a smile at her momentary weakness.

Afterward, when she sits at her well-appointed breakfast-table, the new carpet making the room look so fresh and bright, her pretty morning-dress making her look fresher and brighter than ever to her husband's admiring eyes, the Philharmonic tickets bought, the charitable subscriptions paid, Susie's Sunday frock and Johnny's nice little overcoat accomplished facts, and no discontent in the kitchen region, she wonders how she ever could have thought of bartering so much real comfort for the empty satisfaction of owning one dress too fine and good "for human nature's daily food." If all the young wives, similarly situated, were only as right-minded and sensible, who could estimate the gain in household harmony?

To come to the conclusion of the whole matter: to be well dressed requires, first, to be neatly dressed; next, to be appropriately dressed; last, but not least, to be dressed within one's means. The costume that is unpaid for is not a becoming costume to anybody; and robbing Peter to pay Paul is poor policy at best.

Neatness is an unassuming virtue which is apt to be taken for granted, and very often, in fact, neglected. We have seen young ladies who looked liked pinks and daisies, "clear shining after rain," to the outward eye, but an internal investigation revealed woful contrasts. Personal purity, involving the daily bath, frequent change of well-made and well-kept linen, and hair nicely cared for, is of primary importance. She who does not fall in this will not be apt to wear soiled gloves, shabby boots, crumpled neckties, untidy collars; she will come down to breakfast in the morning as wholesome and as fair to look upon as when she is arrayed for dinner at night; and the "stitch in time that saves nine" will never be neglected in her toilet.

The question of appropriateness in dress must be decided, more or less, by each individual. There is, we are happy to acknowledge, a perceptible improvement of late years in the harmonious selection and adaptation of colors. It is not usual now to see upon our promenades, or in our drawing-rooms, the curious combination of ill-assorted tints that used to shock artistic eyes. The lemon-colored

bonnet, with a green dress, and a pink cravat, and lilac gloves, are happily things of the past. The art of choosing a costume complete, *per se*, is pretty well understood; something remains to be desired in the art of wearing it. No matter how pretty or how personally becoming it may be, its effect is spoiled if worn on an unsuitable occasion; and this more especially if it is *too fine* for the occasion. The old saying that it is better to be too little than too much-dressed, is a wise saying, though it does not receive due honor in the present day.

EMERALDS AND BERYLS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the assertions of some archaeologists to the contrary, it seems tolerably certain that the emerald was known to the ancients. King ("Natural History of Precious Stones and Metals," pp. 276-296) produces very credible evidence that the *smaragdus* of the Romans and the *emeraldos* of the Greeks were the same stone which we designate as the precious emerald. Among other proofs he adduces an interesting "moral" one from Pliny, who describes his best *smaragdus* as follows:

"After the diamond and the pearl, the first place is given to the *smaragdus*, for many reasons. No other color is so pleasing to the sight, for grass and green foliage we view indeed with pleasure, but *smaragdus* with so much the greater delight, inasmuch as nothing in creation compared with them equals the intensity of their green. Besides, they are the only gems that fill the eye with their view, yet do not fatigue it; nay, more, when the sight is wearied by any over-exertion, it is relieved by looking upon a *smaragdus*. Indeed, gem-engravers find no other means of resting the eye so agreeable; so effectually by its soft green lustre doth it refresh the wearied sight."

King continues: "After reading this just panegyric on the poetical comparison in Heliodorus, 'gems green as a meadow in the spring, but illuminated with a certain oily lustre,' . . . can any one longer doubt that the Romans were acquainted with the true emerald, or suppose that they could have applied such terms of praise to the dull plasma or opaque malachite, which so many archaeologists have contended were alone understood by the name *smaragdus*?"

There is little difficulty in believing that the most ancient people of whom we have any historical record, were acquainted with the identical stone which we call emerald.

In ancient times, Upper Egypt was the source of this gem: the modern supply is obtained chiefly from South America. New Granada furnishes the finest ones.

The emerald, as almost every one knows, is a transparent, crystalline body of a green color, and sufficiently hard to render it capable of receiving a very fine polish. Its native form is a hexahedral prism, terminated in a six-sided pyramid; it usually occurs embedded in veins of magnesian limestone traversing hornblende rocks. Chemically considered, it is a double silicate of alumina and glucina, owing its color to a small proportion of oxide of chromium. The beryl has so

nearly the same constitution that it has been customary to reckon it as a common variety of emerald, but the differences are sufficiently great, as will be stated further on, to make them very far removed in appearance and value. The respective chemical composition of emerald and beryl is as follows:

	Emerald. Beryl.	
Glucina.....	12.50	15.50
Silica.....	68.50	66.45
Alumina.....	15.75	16.75
Oxide of chromium..	0.30	0.00
Oxide of iron.....	1.00	0.60
Lime.....	0.25	0.00

The oxides, on whose presence the color of the stone appears to depend, are either not always present in the same proportions, or some unknown cause prevents their constant effect, for the color of both emeralds and beryls is exceedingly variable: in the former, it ranges from a magnificent full grassy green to a disagreeable yellowish tint.

Although it is generally believed that the color of the emerald is due to the oxide of chromium present, it may be well to mention here an adverse theory. We quote again from King:

"An opinion has been recently advanced, that the New-Granada emerald, the finest of its species, owes the depth of its green to a saturation with animal matter, derived from the organic remains that fill the limestone-rock, its actual matrix. Minerals tinged by an admixture of chrome do not lose their color when heated, which the emerald does—a fact indicating a different source for its green than that generally received. To the support of this theory comes the belief of the old Peruvians, mentioned by Garcilaso de la Vega, that the emerald ripened in its matrix as the fruit does upon its tree; being first colorless, and then gradually turning green, assuming its color first at its corner that faces the rising sun."

The most highly-prized beryls are those of a bluish-green color, which are distinguished as "aqua-marine." Other less desirable specimens are of yellowish hues.

Both emeralds and beryls usually occur in small crystals; of the former, sizes larger than the usual ring-stones are rare. This remark applies to the most perfect kinds; imperfect specimens of large size are of occasional occurrence, but they are, at least in the case of emeralds, deficient in the beauty of color and texture necessary to entitle them to rank as gems. There is an emerald in the imperial collection of Russia, which measures four and a half by twelve inches, and weighs sixteen and two-third pounds troy. The celebrated crystal in the cabinet of the Duke of Devonshire, England, measures two and a quarter by two inches, and weighs eight ounces and eighteen dwts., troy. It is scarcely necessary to add that both these are imperfect stones. Beryls of gigantic size have been found at Acworth, New Hampshire, some of them several feet in length, but of a coarse texture, and destitute of either brilliancy or color sufficient to give them character as precious stones. An extraordinary exception to the usual formation of large beryls is noted by Dana, who, in his "Mineralogy," mentions one "belonging to Don Pedro," which is "as large as the head of a

calf; weighs two hundred and twenty-five ounces, or more than eighteen and a half pounds, troy; and is perfectly transparent and without a flaw."

The "Oriental emerald" is really a *green sapphire*, a variety of corundum, very rare, but said to be of less beauty of color than the emerald proper.

The universally acknowledged beauty of the emerald places it in the first rank of gems. Its crystalline transparency; the peculiar lustre it exhibits, which has been aptly compared to the sheen of olive-oil; and, above all, its enchanting color, a reflection of the most charming tints that Nature bestows in the spring-time verdure and the summer grasses—all these conjoined, render it fully worthy of the high estimation it has always enjoyed.

Less brilliant than the "king of gems," the diamond, it has color, rich and incomparable; failing to dazzle with brightness, it charms us with its "quivering green."

Emeralds are commonly cut as table stones, and are frequently set in contrast with diamonds, an arrangement productive of the finest effects.

The value naturally inherent in a gem of such rare occurrence and great beauty is vastly increased by the rarity of perfect specimens. Few, if any, emeralds of any considerable size are free from flaws, and consequently those that do make a near approach to perfection are correspondingly enhanced in value. In the fifteenth century, this stone was valued at four times the price of the diamond, but, in the century following, we find it rapidly declining, until it finally rested at a rate varying from one-third to one-fourth the cost of the latter gem. No great change is since noted until within the last thirty years, during which time it has advanced until again equal, if not superior, to the diamond in comparative value. Indifferent or poorly-colored stones can be had for a few dollars a carat (the carat equals four grains, troy), but good ones now bring in the London market fifteen pounds sterling, and the best as much as twenty and even forty pounds, the average rate for "brilliant" in the same trade being about eighteen pounds the carat. In this country, as far as I can learn, their price is lower, and diamonds still take precedence in valuation. Large stones are of course worth prices proportionately higher than small ones, according to their rarity and perfection.

The beryl costs but a mere trifle, being in very limited request as a jewel.

Emeralds are successfully imitated by artificial compounds, the counterfeits being sometimes scarcely distinguishable from the natural stones, even by expert judges.

According to Ebelman, factitious emeralds may be made by fusing together—

Silica.....	7.00
Alumina.....	1.60
Glucina.....	1.40
Boric acid.....	4.06
Oxide of chromium.....	0.10

A very nearly synthetical method, as will be observed. More ordinary imitations are formed from some one of the nitrous compounds known as pastes.

In the olden time, when precious stones in general were regarded, on account of their splendor, as being especially endowed with supernatural powers and virtues, the emerald was accounted a potent agent in the art of magic, and the practice of medicine. Worn in a ring, it was considered a sure preservative against epilepsy, cured dysentery, and preserved the chastity of the wearer. A recipe is given in an ancient book for the preparation of *unctura smaragdi*, or tincture of emerald, "a most efficacious medicine in dysentery, epilepsy, and malignant fevers." The occult power of the gem was supposed to be greatly increased by engraving on it a proper astrological device. Ancient "authorities" state that "man like a merchant, carrying wares to sell, or man seated under a centurian engraved on an emerald, gives wealth and victory, and delivers from evil," and that "a hoopoe with the herb-dragon in front, upon beryl, hath power to summon the water-spirits and force them to speak. It will also call up the dead of your acquaintance, and oblige them to respond to your questions."

The largest emeralds known have already been mentioned. The largest perfect cut stone we have seen noticed is one in the Imperial Cabinet at St. Petersburg, the weight of which is thirty carats.

One of the most remarkable freaks of extravagance on record, is exhibited in a finger-ring cut out of a solid piece of emerald, of remarkably fine quality, and set with diamonds and rubies. It was formerly the property of Jehanghir, son of Akbar, Emperor of Hindostan, whose name is engraved on it; it is now in the possession of a lady in England.

When Cortez returned to Europe after his conquest of Mexico, he took with him a number of fine emeralds from the newly-subjugated country, where they were then quite plentiful. The most interesting of these were the famous "Fine Emeralds" that formed his wedding-present to his bride in 1529. They had been cut by the exquisite workmanship of the native lapidaries, one into the form of a rose; a second, into that of a horn; the third one was a fish with eyes of gold; the fourth, a little bell with a fine pearl for a tongue. The fifth, the most valuable one, was a small cup with a foot and rim of gold, and with four little chains of the same metal attached to a large pearl as a button. On the rim of the bell was inscribed in Spanish, "Blessed is he who created thee," and on the edge of the cup was engraved in Latin the sentence, "Among those born of women, a greater has not arisen." For one of these gems, some Genoese merchants had offered Cortez forty thousand ducats, about eighty thousand dollars.

Historians assert that the queen of Charles V. was so greatly disappointed at Cortez preferring his bride to her in the bestowal of these precious curiosities, that she became his enemy for life, and contributed not a little to bring about his subsequent misfortunes.

The whole set was lost in his shipwreck, in the ill-fated expedition against Algiers.

JOHN H. SNIVELY.

TABLE-TALK.

TWO of our contributors have died within a few days of the date at which we are writing—MR. GEORGE HILL and MR. HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN. Mr. Hill, who died on Friday, December 15th, in this city, where he was making a transient visit, was born at Guilford, Connecticut, in 1796. He was graduated at Yale College with the distinction of being the best classical scholar of his class. After leaving college he was for some time employed in one of the public offices at Washington, and in 1827 entered the navy as professor of mathematics. During a cruise in the Mediterranean he wrote several poems suggested by classical subjects, which he published in 1834, in a volume entitled "The Ruins of Athens, and Other Poems." He retired from the navy in 1831, to accept the position of librarian in the State Department at Washington, which he held for eight years. In 1839 he was appointed consul for the southwestern portion of Asia Minor. On his return home he again accepted a position in the State Department, which he held for about ten years, when he retired from active life to the place of his birth. His poems were reprinted, with some additions, in 1839; and, in 1870, he issued a third edition, revised and enlarged, in a volume entitled "Tania's Banquet, Pictures of Women, and Other Poems." His latest poem was written for the dedication of the monument over the grave of his friend and townsman, Fitz-Greene Halleck, at Guilford, and his last prose composition was a scholarly essay on Sappho, which we published in the JOURNAL in August last.—Mr. Tuckerman, who died in this city, of pneumonia, after a short illness, on Sunday, December 17th, was born in Boston, April 20, 1813. He was the son of a prominent merchant, and was prepared to enter Harvard College when ill health compelled him to suspend his studies. At the age of twenty he went to Europe for a year, which he spent chiefly in Southern Italy. Three years later he went again abroad, and spent two years in Sicily and Florence, where he acquired a knowledge of Italian literature and Italian affairs, which distinguished him to the end of his life. In 1835 he published "The Italian Sketch-book," a collection of sketches, stories, and essays, showing remarkable power of style and ripeness of thought. This was followed by "Sicily: a Pilgrimage," "Thoughts on the Poets," "Sketches of American Painters," "Characteristics of Literature," "The Optimist," "Memorial of Horatio Greenough," "Biographical Essays," "The Book of American Artists," and several other works, all marked by fine scholarship, a profound knowledge of literature and art, and a genial and kindly character. In 1851 he published a collection of his poems, and almost to the day of his death continued to write verses.

Several of his poems have appeared in our columns during the past two years—the latest just two months ago. His last elaborate work was a memoir of John Pendleton Kennedy, the Maryland statesman and author, for whom he had a strong affection. His last considerable contribution to the JOURNAL was his essay on the "Literature of Fiction," in three parts, the third part of which we published early in November. For more than thirty years he was a frequent contributor to nearly all the leading periodicals of the country. He was eminently a literary man, and conscientiously devoted his whole life to the study of letters and of art. Mr. Ripley, a kindred spirit and a most competent critic, who was intimately acquainted with the deceased, says of him: "Mr. Tuckerman's writings are distinguished for their wide, catholic sympathies, the purity and elevation of their tone, the decorum and refinement of their manner, and their curious knowledge of the details of literary history. His taste was formed on the best classical models and the masterpieces of modern literature. Conservative in his tendencies, he had little tolerance for innovations in style or for audacious theories in speculation. He was a believer in progress, an ardent lover of improvement, and always hopeful for the future of humanity; but he could never disguise his aversion to the eccentricities of reform, which, however consecrated by genius or eloquence, defied the proprieties of social life, and ventured on the borders of chaos in pursuit of the millennium. Although no bookworm nor pedant, Mr. Tuckerman was an assiduous student. No recent production of mark escaped his notice, and his literary judgments, although broad in appreciation and kindly in spirit, were usually accepted as authorities. His personal traits were of the most engaging quality. In spite of his rare mental endowments, he lived in the affections rather than in the intellect. A striking feature was his intimacy with the most eminent literary men of this country, especially those of a more advanced age than himself. Without a trace of hero-worship or undue subservency, he gracefully fell into the society of our greater intellectual lights, as his natural place. His relation to them was one of manly reverence on his own part, and on theirs of kindly and cordial recognition. Perhaps no living scholar has ever been on terms of such frank intercourse as Mr. Tuckerman with Washington Irving, Washington Allston, Richard H. Dana, Dr. John W. Francis, Fitz-Greene Halleck, John P. Kennedy, William C. Bryant, and others of less distinguished renown. Many of his chosen friends were among the celebrated artists of the day, to whom he was attracted by personal tastes and congenial habits. The kindness of his heart was almost a proverb. Few men would go so far out of their way to oblige a friend, or even perform a benevolent service for a stranger. He was the first person to be called upon in every en-

terprise that demanded unselfish action and devoted zeal. His conspicuous place in social life, and in the circle of affection, will not soon be filled, while numbers will long cherish his memory with tender sorrow, recalling the singular appropriateness to him of the tribute to a brother-poet:

'Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of our better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.'

—What is matter for scoffing in one year becomes matter for eager denunciation and angry discussion in the next, then an object of terror and attack, then of general adoption. There is no more certain sign of the growth of a cause than the fact that it has passed from the stage of ridicule to that of argument, or, as it happens, of persecution. This is the case with the International Society, of which so much is said in these days. Two years ago, the association was, to use an English editorial expression, "the laughing-stock of Europe." When it was referred to at all, it was with the most contemptuous of sneers, and the most ironical merriment. But it has so grown since, whether from external or internal causes, that Bismarck finds time to pause in the reconstruction of the German Empire, and Beust to suspend his "constitutionalizing" process in Austria, to confer gravely and solemnly concerning the means for suppressing this now dangerous conspiracy against kings, kaisers, and nobles. An English review, with no sympathies that are not aristocratically Whiggish, deliberately estimates the strength of the International in England at three hundred and fifty thousand, and adds that on the Continent they are counted "by millions." A prominent member of the International computes its numbers at five millions; while a more sanguine colleague makes them seven millions. Certain it is that the organization has become a formidable power in Europe, that it gathers strength daily, that its propaganda is ceaseless, and that it adds a new terror to the suspense and anxiety with which the European monarchs look forward to the possibility of revolutions. It threatens to assume the proportions of a crusade of the workingmen of all nations against the proprietors and capitalists, as well as the monarchical governments of all nations, wiping out territorial distinctions and establishing a confraternity of Celt, Teuton, Saxon, Slave, and Scandinavian. As to the power of the International, the English Whig writer already referred to does not hesitate to say that the power of the Jesuit was not so great in the day of its height, as is that of this society of but seven years' growth. The obtrusive feature of the working of the International is the labor-strikes which it encourages and supports. Not in England only, where the recent strike at the Newcastle mines was triumphant because, owing to the action of this society, foreign workmen could not be obtained to supply the places of the "strik-

ers," but in France, in Germany, in Belgium, in Switzerland, and in Spain, strikes have become common, and, being so powerfully backed, have usually had their way. The great strike at Creuzot, a year or two before the late wars, assumed proportions so serious that Napoleon III. had real fears that it might develop into a revolution; and it was at Creuzot that the International, through the medium of Assi's leadership, first showed Europe of what it was capable. That the Communist insurrection of Paris derived a strong impetus and sustenance from this association, there can be no doubt, as its history gradually comes out; and in the future politics of Europe we may be sure that the International will play a stirring and very possibly a triumphant part. Its recent Sunday demonstration in this city, in spite of the disapproval of the authorities, was sufficiently formidable, at least in numbers, to make a deep impression on thoughtful observers.

—The latest intelligence from our Pacific coast reports that a Japanese junk had come ashore on one of the islands of Alaska, with three living Japanese on board. The vessel had been disabled in a storm off Japan, and had drifted two thousand five hundred miles in nine months, twenty-three of the crew perishing from hunger and exposure. This striking occurrence is by no means unparalleled. Just forty years ago, a Japanese vessel, with living men on board, came ashore near the mouth of the Columbia River, in Oregon. It had a cargo of rice, and the crew consequently had enough to eat, though their only drink was water from occasional rains. Such occurrences assist greatly in explaining how America was peopled—a question very perplexing to our ancestors, though late geographical and ethnological researches show clearly that there is really very little mystery about it. The Japanese are evidently of the same race with our Indians, their language being to some extent similar to those of our Western tribes; and it is not at all unlikely that, during the thousands of years to which Japanese history goes back, many vessels may have floated from their shores to ours, bearing living persons of both sexes. But, even if it were impossible for them to cross the ocean, it is certain that Asiatics could easily make their way to America across Behring's Straits, or by the Aleutian Islands, the distances between which would be an easy voyage for a canoe. Ten or twelve years ago, the Appletons published an account of a voyage down the Amoor, by Perry McDonough Collins, the first American who ever descended that river. In his journal, he constantly spoke of the wild tribes on its banks as "Indians." We remember asking him at the time why he called them such, and he replied, "Because they are Indians." He was familiar, by long personal observation, with the tribes in Oregon and California, and he declared he could see no material difference

between them and the tribes on the Amoor. He is a man of plain common-sense, with a mind not obfuscated by ethnological or antiquarian studies; and the idea had apparently never entered his head that the Amoor tribes were not Indians. Their appearance, their garments, their mode of life, and the lodges in which they dwelt, he said, were all similar to those of the natives of Oregon. Their language, also, seemed to him very much the same, though, of course, he had no critical knowledge of their dialects. Taking this resemblance for granted, therefore, and there being no great difficulty in crossing the ocean by way of the Aleutian Islands, even in canoes, there is no longer any mystery about the peopling of America. Dr. Le Plongeon, a learned gentleman, now in our city, in fact, maintains, after long study of Peruvian antiquities, that civilization and population originated on this continent, and that the arts, customs, manners, and religions of the Chinese, the Hindoos, the Assyrians, and Egyptians, are only developed imitations of Peruvian originals! It is well known that, according to Agassiz and other eminent geologists, this continent was the first land that rose above the ocean that formerly covered the whole surface of the earth.

—A new art-club in this city, known as "The Palette," have just opened their first annual exhibition of paintings at Leavitt's Gallery. The event is worthy of note, apart from the interest which the exhibition in itself possesses, as it is the beginning of a history that promises to fill a large place in the future of art in America. "The Palette" is a club of young artists filled with the enthusiasm of their profession, who seek to advance the cause they delight in by an association that unites the influence of an academy with the brotherhood of social intercourse. Their first exhibition does them great credit, and will go largely to make reputations for some names that the public have hitherto heard but little of. We may mention one artist of German training, F. Engel, whose "Embarrassing Question" almost rivals Hubner's best efforts. Julian Scott has a painting, illustrating a scene in the battle of the Wilderness, which exhibits in the figures power and good workmanship. The exhibition has several paintings by artists better known to the public, such as William Hart, Thomas Hill, and E. D. Moran, so that the visitor has an opportunity to compare the productions of some old favorites with those of the new aspirants. In sculpture there is a marked success. "Farewell," by Mr. C. Baberi, a member of the club, represents a Swiss youth, with staff in hand, bidding farewell to his native hills. The pose of the figure is strikingly graceful, and the modeling of the limbs truly admirable. This earnest and ambitious association hope in time to be able to throw their annual exhibition open to the public gratuitously. At present they are

compelled to charge a small sum for admission; but their policy looks to the freest and most liberal popularizing of art.

—The severe illness of the Prince of Wales—the long period during which he was apparently at the point of death, and finally his unexpected recovery—naturally produced a profound sensation not only in Great Britain but throughout the civilized world, in all parts of which—thanks to the telegraph!—the details of his condition were as widely and nearly as promptly known as in London itself. There was something very impressive in the fact that the heir of the greatest empire in the world was lying helplessly suffering the tortures of a terrible fever, whose victims are commonly of the lowest class in society; and in this country the interest in his fate was heightened by the recollection that he was our guest ten or eleven years ago, when just entering on manhood, and by the wide-spread impression that his death would perhaps result in important changes in the political structure of the British Empire. As there is a general notion among us that the prince is very dissipated, it is due to his reputation to state that Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, a journalist of Philadelphia, who is likely to be as well informed on the subject as any one on this side of the ocean, defends the moral character of the prince in the following emphatic manner: "This young man has lived on the best terms with his wife, never gambles, never kept a mistress, does not own a race-horse, and takes no interest in 'the turf,' lives within his income, chiefly indulges in field-sports (hunting and shooting), which men enfeebled by dissipation cannot partake of, to any extent—but he has got a bad name, chiefly in this country, from London correspondents of Western papers, and therefore any thing bad about him is taken for granted."

Literary Notes.

THE publication in London, almost simultaneously, of Tennyson's "Last Tournament," and of the first part of George Eliot's "Middlemarch," leads the *Spectator* to make a comparative essay on the idealism of these two great artists. It closes its paper as follows: "The essential contrast between the great poet and the great novelist of our day as artists consists in this, that while both connect together their works with a pure ideal thread on which they string their great pictures, while both see clearly that the ideal thread is not, and never can be, a thread of even predominant joy, while both discern and delineate the power of this high ideal temperament to blind the eyes of those who possess it to the dull material realities of life, Mr. Tennyson, nevertheless, uniformly gives it a victorious and triumphant euthanasia in spite of all seeming failure, while George Eliot almost as uniformly quenches her ideal light in gloom. A curiously blind critic, in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, who seems to us to enter as little into the Byron, whom it was his object to exalt, as into the Tennyson, whom it was his object to depreciate, remarks, with that accurately-simed

infelicity with which blind criticism does now and then manage to distinguish its groping course, that there is no sort of wholeness in Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King'—that the poet 'seems to have picked out a legend here and there as he wanted one for a subject, without regarding its connection with the rest.' Now the power of this great series of poems consists entirely in the absolute unity of the imaginative centre to be traced in every piece from first to last—in the continuous grandeur of that great earthly illusion by which Arthur founds an empire on foundations far too lofty to last, sees, without seeing, it slowly crumbling away beneath his touch from the very moment it appears to have gained its victory, dimly apprehends that he has in some sense injured his followers by the very loftiness of his requirements—the grandeur of the vows which blight those by whom they are broken—and survives the ruin of all his hopes with only a faithful fool to bewail their destruction. The king is so blinded by his own great dream that, to some, his career seems all illusion, and the saying

'Of by-gone Merlin, "Where is he who knows?"
From the great deep to the great deep he goes,"'

appears to such as these an adequate epitaph upon it. Yet no one who reads the series as a whole can help feeling the sense of triumph in the close, when Sir Gawaine's ghost goes shrieking down the wind, 'And hollow, hollow, hollow, all delight,' and Arthur passes to his isle of rest. The illusion that blinds the king is the illusion of infinite light—far more real than the world to which it blinds him. With George Eliot, on the other hand, the same idealism and illusion—not a whit less noble in their moral source—always come to some sad ending and partial or total quenching. The finer nature of Dinah suffers eclipse under the secular shadow of Adam Bede. Romola fails and fades in a melancholy twilight. The Spanish Gypsy succumbs to a part too hard for her. Jubal is extinguished with his song, and told to be grateful for extinction. Armgart loses all her fire and hope as she takes home her lesson of self-sacrifice; and here, in this new work of our author's—which is, we are sure, going to be a great one—we are pretty plainly told in the preface that the heroine is to be the victim of her own idealism, and to founder on the rocks of uncongenial circumstance. That the sister of little feeling is to see her way easily, and the sister of deep feeling to stray far into the wilderness, we do not complain. All true realism teaches us that so it continually is. But that we are to trace the history of a 'foundress of nothing, whose loving heart-beats and sobs, after an unattained goodness, tremble off, and are dispersed among hinderances,' seems to us the flat not so much of realism as of that deficiency in the faculties of insight which only the stimulus of faith can supply. The true idealism of life undoubtedly often leads to failure, and grief, and outward ruin immeasurable; but only infidelity to it, selfish recoil from it, leads to that quenching and exhaustion of spirit in which the finest characters of George Eliot's works are so often allowed to flicker out their lives."

"The late Miss Mitford," says *London Society*, "was not only biographical herself, but the cause of biography in others. She was an interesting person, and had points of private interest belonging to her which excited the interest of all her friends; and her pleasant, vivid letters reflected the most interesting points of contemporary literary history. Mr. Harness, the well-known clergyman at Knightsbridge, who was to have edited her life, has now found

a biographer himself. His life, by Mr. L'Estrange, is redolent of Miss Mitford; and in another literary biography (that of Mr. Charles Boner) Miss Mitford appears over again. Literary biography has of late been the order of the day, but Miss Mitford has certainly borne away the *spolia optima*. Mr. Harness was a great favorite in society; as Miss Mitford said, the social equal of such men as the late Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Hope of Deepdene. He never did any thing in particular beyond editing Shakespeare, and writing an occasional paper in a quarterly; but he had a vague, large reputation of a certain sort. Mr. Harness was known to have been the friend of Byron, and to have refused the dedication of 'Childe Harold.' He had an excellent voice in reading, was a fair preacher, and a good diner-out.

"Turning to Miss Mitford's other correspondent, Mr. Boner, we find him to have a remarkable knowledge of the best German society; to have written, although his hands had been crippled in childhood, a remarkable volume on chamois-hunting; and to have distinguished himself as one of the excellent foreign correspondents of the *Daily News*. It is a remarkable fact that both Mr. Harness and Dean Milman took an unfavorable view of Sir Henry Taylor's noble poem of 'Philip von Artevelde.' Some of the ghost-stories are queer; one about Mr. Hope's death is inaccurate, and may be commended to the notice of the spiritualists. Some of the stories are very good. Such is the characteristic anecdote of Archbishop Paley telling the servants to shut the window behind him, and to open one behind the curates. That smacks of Paley's utilitarian system of moral philosophy. A prison-chaplain got a man, who seemed deeply penitent, off his sentence of death. The fellow thanked him warmly, and gave him back his Bible, saying, 'I may as well return it to you, for I hope that I shall never want it again.' Mr. Harness does not seem to have admired very much the brilliant society in which he moved. The only anecdote which he gives of Dean Milman is, to our mind, not at all a good one. Once he had been dining with Bishop Wilberforce and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. L'Estrange asked him for particulars of his intellectual banquet. 'Well,' he replied, 'after dinner the gentlemen began to relate anecdotes, and, to say the truth, I don't think I ever heard so many stale Joe Millers in my life.'"

Messrs. Carlton & Lanahan have published the Rev. Dr. Butler's work on India, which the title-page describes as follows: "The Land of the Veda: being Personal Reminiscences of India; its People, Castes, Thugs, and Fakirs; its Religions, Mythology, Principal Monuments, Palaces, and Mausoleums; together with the Incidents of the Great Sepoy Rebellion, and its Results to Christianity and Civilization; with a Map of India and Forty-two Illustrations; also Statistical Tables of Christian Missions, and a Glossary of Indian Terms used in this Work and in Missionary Correspondence. By Rev. William Butler, D.D." Dr. Butler was missionary of the Methodist Church to India during a period of many years, and this narrative affords not only an interesting account of his labors, but a valuable picture of the places he visited and the strange people he sojourned among.

"Ups and Downs on Land and Water," by Augustus Hoppin, is fairly an outbreak of graphic genius. It consists of a pictorial delineation of picturesque places and humorous characters, seen or encountered in the European tour through England, France, Switzerland, and Germany. It is a notable and unique pro-

duction. With the exception, perhaps, of the humorous sketches by Mr. Richard Doyle, we know of no volume in which the pencil plays such delightful pranks, or any that overflows with so much humor and quaintness. The striking vigor and boldness in the designs, moreover, are entirely admirable, apart from the humorous conceits which the compositions exhibit. Mr. Hoppin obtains by this work the foremost rank as a graphic and humorous artist.

The "Ballads of Good Deeds, and Other Verses," by Henry Abbey, is a collection of poems which enforce the heroism of self-sacrifice and the beauty of worthy deeds. Mr. Abbey is well known to our readers, many of his poems having first appeared in the pages of the *JOURNAL*. He has selected a special field for his Muse, his poems being nearly altogether confined to topics that admit of dramatic illustration of the nobler passions that move mankind. Mr. Abbey possesses, we think, peculiar qualities for popular appreciation. He is simple, direct, high-toned; he touches the sympathies and awakens the interest by well-told incidents, and his moral is invariably such as commends itself to the better impulses of his readers.

Edwin Booth in "Twelve Dramatic Characters," is a superb folio, containing admirable illustrations, by W. J. Hennessy, of the young and popular tragedian in his best-known characters. Mr. Hennessy's drawings all exhibit spirit and finish; they are evidently, as they purport to be, from life; but the likeness is not in each case entirely successful. The engravings are from the burin of Mr. W. J. Linton, who, by general consent, stands in the foremost place in his art. The volume is beautifully printed, and is a worthy memorial of the distinguished actor whose genius inspired it. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co.

"Their Wedding Journey," by W. D. Howells, which, during its publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*, attracted so much deserved attention, has been issued in book-form, with illustrations by Hoppin. No sketches of travel and character, since the "Howadji" first gave us his lucubrations, have exhibited observations so keen, satire so subtle and felicitous, or style so fresh and charming. "Their Wedding Journey" will take its place among the best of the lighter essays in English literature.

Dr. Dasent, whom Messrs. Longmans have selected to succeed Mr. Anthony Froude as editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, was for several years sub-editor of the *London Times*, and resigned that office on being appointed a civil-service commissioner. He is the author of "Annals of an Eventful Life," and of the new novel, "Lady Sweetapple," now publishing in this journal.

Scientific Notes.

Agassiz Prophecies.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ sailed, early in December, on a scientific voyage around Cape Horn, and before embarking addressed the following letter to Professor Benjamin Peirce:

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., December 2, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND: On the point of starting for the Deep-Sea Dredging Expedition, for which you have so fully provided, and which I trust may prove to be one of the best rewards for your devotion to the interests of the Coast Survey, I am desirous to leave in your hands a

document which may be very compromising for me, but which I nevertheless am determined to write, in the hope of showing within what limits Natural History has advanced toward that point of maturity when science may anticipate the discovery of facts.

If there is, as I believe to be the case, a plan according to which the affinities among animals and the order of their succession in time were determined from the beginning, and if that plan is reflected in the mode of growth, and in the geographical distribution of all living beings; or, in other words, if this world of ours is the work of intelligence, and not merely the product of force and matter, the human mind, as a part of the whole, should so chime with it, that, from what is known, it may reach the unknown; and, if this be so, the amount of information thus far gathered should, within the limits of errors which the imperfection of our knowledge renders unavoidable, be sufficient to foretell what we are likely to find in the deepest abyasses of the sea, from which thus far nothing has been secured.

I will not undertake to lay down the line of argument upon which I base my statement, beyond what is suggested in the few words preceding, namely, that there is a correlation between the gradation of animals in the complication of their structure, their order of succession in geological times, their mode of development from the egg, and their geographical distribution upon the surface of the globe. If that be so, and if the animal world, designed from the beginning, has been the motive for the physical changes which our globe has undergone, and if, as I also believe to be the case, these changes have not been the cause of the diversity now observed among organized beings, then we may expect from the greater depth of the ocean representatives resembling those types of animals which were prominent in earlier geological periods, or bearing a closer resemblance to younger stages of the higher members of the same types, or to the lower forms which take their place nowadays. And, to leave no doubt that I have a distinct perception of what I may anticipate, I make the following specific statement:

It lies in the very nature of these animals that, among vertebrates, neither Mammalia nor Birds can exist in deep waters, and, if any Reptiles exist there, it could only be such as are related to the extinct types of the Jurassic periods, the Ichthyosaurs, Plesiosaurs, and Pterodactyles, but even of these there is very little probability that any of their representatives are still alive. Among the fishes, however, I expect to discover some marine representatives of the order of Ganoids, of both the principal types known from the secondary zoological period, such as Lepidoids, Sauroids, Pycnodonts, Caelacanthes, Amioids, and Glyptolepis-like species may even be looked for. Among Selachians, some new representatives of Cestraciontes or Hybodontes may be forthcoming, connecting the latter more closely to Odontaspis. I also look forward to finding species allied to *Corax*, or connecting this genus with *Notidanus*, perhaps also Jurassic-like forms. Among Chimeroids we may expect some new genera more closely related to the extinct types of that family than those now living. Among ordinary fishes I take it for granted that *Beryx* genera may be added to our list, approaching, perhaps, *Acanus*, or rather *Sphenoccephalus*; also types allied to *Istius*, to *Anenehelum*, and to *Osmorhynchus*, *Elops*, and *Argentina*. *Deretis* and *Blochius* may also come up. Species of all classes of the animal kingdom, which have been very rarely met with by fishermen and naturalists,

are likely to be found in the deepest waters, in which neither hooks nor nets are generally lowered. Nothing is known concerning the greatest depth at which fishes may live. Upon this point I hope to obtain positive data.

The Mollusks will, no doubt, afford a rich harvest of novelties, among which some may be of the deepest zoological interest. It stands to reason that a variety of Nautiloid Cephalopods may be discovered when *Nautilus* proper and *Spirula* are so rarely found alive, and among new forms there may be those combining characters of Argonauts with features of *Nautilus*; some may even be coiled up like *Turritiles*. Belemnitic Squids would appear natural. Among Gasteropods we may look for high-spired, *Natica*-like types, for representatives of *Acteonella*, *Avellana*, and the like; for small Volutoids of the tertiary and cretaceous types, for *Rostellaria*, even for *Nerinea*, and more particularly for forms intermediate between *Furca* and *Cyprea*. Among *Acephala* I would expect a variety of *Myacea* approaching those described in my monographs of that family from the Jurassic and cretaceous formations, such as *Ceromya*, *Corimya*, *Circomya*, *Goniomya*, *Myopsis*, etc., with *Panorpa* and *Pholadomya*, and others recalling perhaps also *Cardinia*, *Gresslya*, or *Cardiacea* more closely related to *Conocardium* than the living species, perhaps leading to *Opis*, or *Trigonis* of extinct types akin to *Myophoria*, with *Pachymya*, *Diceras*, *Grammisia*, *Inoceramus*, *Ptineria*, *Monotis*, and *Pseudonia*. *Rudistes* should take the place of oysters, and the harvest of *Brachiopods* should be large.

Among Crustacea it is natural to suppose that genera may be discovered reminding us of *Eryon* or of *Pemphyx* *Gamponyx*, or some *Amphipods*, and *Isopods* aping still more closely the *Trilobites* than *Serolis*, or *Limuloids* approaching that extinct family. The classification, embryology, and order of succession of *Echinoderms*, are now so well known, that it is perhaps still more easy to anticipate the character of discoveries in this branch of the animal kingdom than in any other. I expect, confidently, to find *Spatangoids* approaching *Holaster*, *Toxaster*, *Ananhytes*, *Hemipneustes*, or *Metasporinus*, and others akin to *Dysaster*, *Echinolamps* approaching *Pygurus*, *Nucleolites* tending to *Clypeus*, *Galerites*, like *Pyrina* or *Globator*, etc., etc., and again *Cidarids* akin to *C. glandifera* and *clavigera* with *Glypticus*-like species, and *Codiopsis*, *Cœlopleurus*, *Cyphosoma*, and *Salenia*. Among Star-fishes the types of *Goniaster* and *Luidia* are likely to prevail, with simple-rayed *Euryaloid* genera, and among Crinoids a variety of genera reminding us of *Pentremites*, *Marsupites*, *Pentacrinus*, *Apocrinus*, and *Eugeniocrinus*. The question of the affinities of *Millepora* will probably receive additional evidence, and genera connecting more closely the *Rugosa* and *Tabulata* with one another, and with the *Acalepha*, may be expected in the shape of branching *Heliopores* and the like. With the monograph of *Porairetes* upon the deep-sea corals before me, it would be sheer pretence to say any thing concerning the prospect of discovering new representatives of this or that type. His tables point them out already.

But there is a subject of great interest likely to be elucidated by our investigation—the contrast of the deep-sea fauna of the Northern with those of the Southern Hemisphere. Judging from what Australia has already brought us, we may expect to find that the animal world of the Southern Hemisphere has a more antique character, in the same way as North America may be contrasted with Europe, on the ground of the occurrence in the United

States of animals and plants now living here, the types of which are only found fossil in Europe.

A few more words upon another subject. During the first three decades of this century, the scientific world believed that the erratic boulders, which form so prominent a feature of the surface geology of Europe, had been transported by currents arising from the rupture of the barriers of great lakes among the Alps, or started from the north by earthquake-waves. Shepherds first started the idea that, within the valleys of Switzerland these huge boulders had been carried forward by glaciers, and Swiss geologists, *Venezia* and *Charpentier* foremost among them, very soon proved that this had been the case. This view, however, remained confined to the vicinity of the Alps in its application, until I suggested that the phenomenon might have a cosmic importance, which was proved when I discovered, in 1840, unmistakable traces of glaciers in Scotland, England, and Ireland, in regions which could have had no connection whatever with the elevation of the Alps. Since that time the glacial period has been considered by geologists as a fixed fact, whatever may have been the discrepancies among them as to the extent of these continental masses of ice, their origin, and their mode of action.

There is, however, one kind of evidence wanting to remove every possible doubt that the greater extension of glaciers in former ages was connected with cosmic changes in the physical condition of our globe. All the phenomena related to the glacial period must be found in the Southern Hemisphere, with the same characteristic features as in the north, with this essential difference, that every thing must be reversed; that is, the trend of the glacial abrasion must be from the south northward; the lee side of abraded rocks must be on the north side of hills and mountain-ranges, and the boulders must have been derived from rocky exposures lying to the south of their present position. Whether this is so or not, has not yet been ascertained by direct observation. I expect to find it so throughout the temperate and cold zones of the Southern Hemisphere, with the sole exception of the present glaciers of *Terra del Fuego* and *Patagonia*, which may have transported boulders in every direction. Even in Europe, geologists have not yet sufficiently discriminated between local glaciers and the phenomena connected with their different degrees of successive retreat on one hand, and the facts indicating the action of an expansive and continuous sheet of ice moving over the whole continent from north to south. Unquestionably, the abrasion of the summits of the mountains of Great Britain, especially noticeable upon *Schichallion*, is owing to the action of the great European ice-sheet during the maximum extension of the glacial phenomena in Europe, and has nothing to do with the local glaciers of the British Isles.

Among the facts already known from the Southern Hemisphere are the so-called rivers of stone of the Falkland Islands, which attracted the attention of Darwin during his cruise with Captain Fitzroy, and which have remained an enigma to this day. I believe it will not be difficult to explain their origin in the light of the glacial theory, and I fancy now they may turn out to be nothing but ground moraines, similar to the "Horsebacks" of Maine. You may ask what the question of drift has to do with deep-sea dredging? The connection is closer than may at first appear. If drift is not of glacial origin, but the product of marine currents, its formation at once becomes a mat-

ter for the Coast Survey to investigate, and, I believe, it will be found in the end that, so far from being accumulated by the sea, the drift of the lowlands of Patagonia has been worn away to its present extent by the continued encroachment of the ocean in the same manner as the northern shores of South America and of Brazil have been.

Hoping some, at least, of my anticipations may prove true,

I remain, ever truly yours,
LOUIS AGASSIZ.

Miscellany.

Bismarck and Von Moltke.

AS I have said, I was eager to see Bismarck; and, as the Diet of the empire was then sitting (about the middle of May), there could not be much difficulty about that. I attended the Diet regularly, both at that time and afterward, about the middle of June, and had the good luck to see and hear the great chancellor on several occasions. I did not, indeed, hear any of his great speeches; but, from what I have read, and from what I heard from others, can form a good idea of his character as a speaker. But, it is not necessary to hear him speak, in order to be impressed by the feeling that you are in the presence of a great man. His personal appearance at once stamps him as the leader of the congregation. When I saw him first, I was sitting in the gallery behind the speaker, directly opposite to the elevated bench on the side of the House where the members of the Imperial Council or Senate (Reichsrath) sit. On this bench the central seat belongs to the chancellor, and it was empty when I entered the gallery. I had not watched long, however, before a tall, broad-browed, broad-chested, truly Neptunian man, in a military dress, entered, and took possession of the empty seat. I asked, "Is that Bismarck?" and received the answer which I anticipated. I then set myself to watch and study him with as much scientific observation as I was capable of. I had read his life by Hezechiele, and thought I understood something of the stuff of which he was made. He sat for an hour the image of concentrated business and energy, signing papers, reading telegrams, giving intimations to attendants; now looking to the right hand, now to the left; again crossing his arms before his breast, as if buckling down his natural impatience of a sedentary position, altogether as if he preferred the rattling thunder-car of Jove to the soft-padded chair of the chancellor. Such a man certainly will never fall asleep, nor allow any other person to fall asleep, wherever you plant him.

Less prominent than Bismarck, but very regular in his attendance as a member of the Diet, was Von Moltke. I never heard him speak; I believe he speaks seldom, and is even less than Bismarck, naturally, a speaking man. His handsome physiognomy is known to all Europe, from the windows of the print-seller; if Bismarck has somewhat the look of an English bull-dog, Von Moltke has certainly the look of an English gentleman; tall, slender, somewhat stiff and formal to appearance; not in manner, perhaps, to those who know him, but merely in outward attitude. He does not look like a soldier (Bismarck has much more of that), but rather smacks of the student, the literary man, the professor; he is the thoughtful strategist, not the stormy combatant; the mathematician, not the engineer; the architect, not the builder; not the woodman who fells the trees, but the master of the forest, who, ac-

ording to a well-calculated plan, marks out and numbers the trees that are to be felled.

Domesticated Buffaloes.

The Kansas Pacific Railroad has made a proposition to the Government which may result in a series of experiments tending toward the utilization of buffaloes. The proposition is, that the Government shall join the company in providing enormous "corrals" on the reserve lands, fencing and ditching so that barriers, impassable to the buffaloes, should enclose large tracts in favorable localities. Into these the herds will be driven at the proper season, and used as shall be deemed best; that is to say, killed for their meat and hides, or kept and permitted to breed, much as domestic cattle are kept in Texas. Some experiments have been tried in crossing the buffalo with domestic cattle, and the result is highly satisfactory, a breed of animals being produced which retains many of the valuable properties of both breeds. The animals are large and strong, the chief objection to them being that no ordinary fence stops them for a moment, and that they love the water so much that they will swim and sport in it even when it is full of floating ice. We have heard of a cow and calf whose love for athletic exercise was such that they would jump from a bank ten feet high into deep water, when there was an easy path close at hand. These personal peculiarities are drawbacks to the introduction of buffalo-blood into the veins of family pets; but, on the other hand, when properly cared for, these animals make most delicious beef, and their hides, when soft-tanned, are as much superior to the buffalo-robe of commerce as wool is to shoddy. The present writer saw the pelt of the amphibious cow mentioned above. It was much larger than any buffalo-robe which he ever saw before, was covered with a mat of soft, short, curly, brown hair, there being none of the long, shaggy hair ordinarily seen. It is thus seen that there are advantages, as well as disadvantages, in the proposed domestication; but it is beyond question that, if any use can be made of the vast herds of wild buffaloes, a valuable addition may be made to the wealth of stock farmers.

The Use of Earthquakes.

The usefulness of earthquakes, to which one of the essays in this volume is devoted, was a favorite subject with the late Sir John Herschel. Were it not for the changes in the earth's crust which are constantly being effected by the action of subterranean forces, of which the earthquake is the most active manifestation, there can be no doubt that the action of the sea beating upon the land, together with the denuding power of rain, would inevitably cover the entire earth with one vast ocean. "Had the primeval world been constructed as it now exists," says Sir John Herschel, "time enough has elapsed, and force enough directed to that end has been in activity, to have long ago destroyed every vestige of land." Mr. Proctor shows most clearly the beneficent manner in which the restorative action of the earth's subterranean forces is arranged. Of course, every upheaval of the surface must be either accompanied or followed by a depression elsewhere. "On a comparison of the various effects, . . . it has been found that the forces of upheaval act (on the whole) more powerfully under continents, and especially under the shore-lines of continents, while the forces of depression act most powerfully (on the whole) under the bed of the ocean. It seems as if Nature had provided against the inroads of the ocean by seating the earth's upheaving forces just where they are most wanted."

Exit Lyeurgus.

The "solar myth" is fast absorbing all our great ones. It is now the turn of Lyeurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, to disappear. In a work recently published, called "Investigations on the History of the Spartan Constitution," the author, Herr Trieber, first investigates the age at which Lyeurgus is by the Greeks themselves reported to have lived, and he finds that their opinions on the subject are widely divergent—say, that, to reconcile the different dates, two Lyeurguses were assumed, one at 880 B. C., another at 780 B. C., while others even place him at the time of the Heraclides—that is, the very foundation of the Spartan state, not to mention a host of other impossibilities and absurdities wherewith the older Spartan chronology is fraught on this point. An analysis of the sources themselves reveals the no less astonishing fact that all the accounts on Lyeurgus which we possess are to be traced to one writer only, namely, Ephorus, of whose works nothing has survived, but to whom Plutarch and Aristotle are indebted for all they record. A critical examination, however, of the manner in which this Ephorus himself went to work proves him to be quite untrustworthy. Not merely does he show himself utterly arbitrary in his assumptions, but he distinctly fills up gaps and reconciles contradictions by his inventions. So that, according to Trieber, his testimony must be dismissed. All that therefore remains is the possibility of there having once lived a man named Lyeurgus in Sparta, but that of his age, life, and work, we have no trustworthy account; also that nothing can be more uncritical than to ascribe any legislative activity to such a shadow of shadows. Having got thus far, our author broaches his theory of Lyeurgus being nothing but a representation of the Solar God. His name already betokens Creator of Light, his father is Eunomos, "Good Law;" his son Eukosmos, "Good Order." It is also known that he had altars and sacrifices at Sparta. His ashes are thrown into the sea, "as the sun sinks into the ocean at night." Even his eight months' rule might be symbolical of the disappearance of the sun during the four Greek winter months, which again would be supported by the name of his son, as given in Plutarch—viz., Antioros, etc.

The Famine in Persia.

Accounts from Persia represent the devastations of the famine to be even more dreadful than at any former time. At Mesched, the capital of the province of Khorassan, a town of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, eighty thousand persons have perished of hunger or disease, twenty thousand have fled, and the residue have been seized and carried away into slavery by the Toorkoman and Afghan banditti. The conduct of the shah, during this fearful time of trial for his subjects, has been ludicrously imbecile and cruel. Despite the general suffering and the outcries of the people against a tyrannical government, he went off on his usual hunting expedition. When he was about to return, several thousand people assembled, with their heads covered with dust and ashes, before the gate of the palace, uttering seditious cries, and loading his name with abusive epithets. This so alarmed the shah that, instead of coming back to his capital, he withdrew to his country-seat in the neighborhood. The mob was dispersed by the troops, and a decree was posted up in the streets ordering bread to be sold at a fixed price; but this only increased the popular indignation, as there was no bread to be had. The shah then ordered the vizier of the town to be put in irons, tied to a donkey's tail,

and dragged bareheaded and barefooted through the bazaar at mid-day. After this sentence had been executed, the head baker and several of his subordinates were burned to death in their own ovens. These executions appeased the people for the time, but they are still without food, and the baking of the bakers has proved, after all, an empty satisfaction.

Foreign Items.

CREMIEUX, the leader of the Communists at Marseilles, who was recently executed in that city, started in life as a vender of oranges and nuts. When he was fourteen years old he became an agent of the Marseilles *Sinaphore*, and of the leading Paris papers. In his twentieth year he was sent to Africa for having disfigured a statue erected to Napoleon I. at Grenoble. He succeeded, however, soon afterward, in escaping from Africa, and settled at Nice. When that city became French, he removed to Genoa, whence the Italian Government ordered him to Naples. At the breaking out of the war between France and Germany, he returned to Marseilles, where he became captain of one of the mobile battalions. After the overthrow of Napoleon III., he aspired to the position of Prefect of Marseilles, but was unsuccessful. He then affiliated with the radicals. His attempt to overthrow the regular authorities, in March, 1871, was unsuccessful. He was captured by the troops, and, being unable to clear himself of the charge of gross cruelty to political prisoners, was sentenced to death.

Gladstone, in an interview with M. Léon Say, the present Prefect of the Seine department, is said to have expressed himself as follows in regard to the political future of France: "The qualities and very imperfect education of the Celtic portion of the French people will, in my opinion, present formidable obstacles to the success of republican institutions in your country. This class may be led to good, but unfortunately also to evil, with a dangerous facility. If, by a happy accident, power should fall at first into the hands of the highest minds of the Teutonic and mixed races, and institutions should be adopted consolidating authority in the president and a senate, controlled, but not superseded, by the lower chamber, the republic would have a fair prospect of success; but, at present, the republic seems to me seriously threatened from various quarters."

Schiller's poetical genius was hotly disputed by some of the leading literary critics during his lifetime. Frederick von Schlegel, the author of "Lucinde," wrote: "Yesterday we read Schiller's 'Lay of the Bell.' It made us laugh so much that we almost fell from our chairs."

In Hungary, people do not think much of the woman's-rights agitation. At Debreczin, not long ago, a young lady, who delivered a lecture advocating the enfranchisement of her sex, was hissed from the stage, and grossly insulted during the ride to her hotel.

There is but one daily paper in Russia with a circulation of over ten thousand copies. It is the *Moscow Gazette*. None of the St. Petersburg dailies circulate over four thousand copies.

Edmond About has contracted to furnish the International Library in Paris with five new novels, for which he is to receive one hundred thousand francs.

It is asserted in Vienna that Count von Beust's downfall was brought about by his disolute life. The Archduchess Sophia, the Emperor's mother, told her son she would leave the Hofburg in case Beust should not be removed.

The Emperor of Russia has informed the Polish insurgents, who, in 1863, were transported to Siberia, that they are at liberty to return to their native country, but most of them prefer to remain in Siberia.

The Shah of Persia is a man of very irascible temper. The other day he was displeased at something his prime-minister said to him, and proceeded immediately to chastise that unfortunate official with his cane.

Count Goluchowsky, the Austrian governor of Galicia, was sentenced to death in 1849. He succeeded in escaping from the cell in which he was imprisoned, by the aid of the jailer's daughter, who is now his wife.

Louise Colet, a French authoress, who died several months ago, left her large fortune to one of the wives of the Khedive of Egypt, with whom she was well acquainted.

They say in St. Petersburg that the czar, owing to his enfeebled constitution, intends to resign next spring, and will pass the remainder of his life in the Crimea.

Justus von Liebig, the celebrated chemist, is about to withdraw from the University of Munich. He will hereafter reside at Heidelberg.

When Prince Bismarck heard that Beust, his former rival, had been deposed, he jumped up angrily, and exclaimed: "What folly is this?"

Count von Beust receives, as Austrian ambassador to London, only half as large a salary as was paid to him when he was Francis Joseph's chancellor.

The Grand-duke Alexis speaks five languages—Russian, German, French, Polish, and English.

The Queen of Holland spends two-thirds of her large income for literary and journalistic purposes.

The publication of the "Life of Cæsar" cost Napoleon III. nearly two hundred thousand francs.

Next spring, Mme. Pauline Lucca, the Berlin cantatrice, will visit the United States.

Eckmann-Chatrian's books have been prohibited in Germany.

The publication of the correspondence of Napoleon I. has been suspended in Paris.

Laboulaye has written a new volume of "Fairy Tales."

Hans Christian Andersen announces that he has written his last book.

Varieties.

THE best farm in England is kept by a woman, and took the first prize recently offered by the Royal Agricultural Society. It is a farm of four hundred acres, devoted to pasture, grain, and stock. The soil was originally poor, but had been much improved by skillful treatment. Only four horses were kept, yet such has been the admirable system of management that they were sufficient for the

cultivation necessary for seventy acres of wheat, the same of barley and turnips, besides some oats and beans. The produce during the year realized \$16,895.

Four murderers in Russia were recently placed, by way of experiment, in four beds in which cholera-patients had died. They did not know the character of the beds, and did not take the disease. They were then compelled to sleep in new and clean beds, which they were led to believe had been occupied by persons who had died of the cholera, when three of them died within four hours. A curious instance of the power of imagination.

Mr. Seward, in a recent conversation with a reporter, said: "I was not interviewed by any Japanese reporter, and I infer therefore that there is no Japanese press. I never knew of any. But everybody in Japan reads and writes, and book-stores are as numerous in Yeddo as in Boston. They have a literature and a history of their own; but unfortunately it was all a sealed book to me."

The greatest conglomeration of errors ever made in an obituary notice was the English notice of Daniel Webster, when he was described at once as the great lexicographer, statesman, the author of a spelling-book, and the broken-hearted brother of the murderer of Dr. Parkman.

Stephen Pearl Andrews says that "the absolutoid and abstractoid elementism of being echoes or reappears, by analogy, within the related and concretoid elaborism." Were it not for this lucid statement, the proposition might seem confusing!

An English young lady novelist, who has sprung into an odd kind of fame during the last two or three years, was described by a satirical friend as "a pert little girl who tries to be offensive to her Creator, and fails."

The announcement having been made that the Coffins are to have a reunion at Nantucket, Massachusetts, it is suggested that this effort at a family convention looks like running the thing into the ground.

The "Memoirs of Talleyrand" are at last to be given to the world. They were long withheld, from fear lest the revelations they contain damaging to the First Empire might lead to their seizure by the Second.

An Alabama paper, in a political editorial, mildly adjures its readers to vote for Judge So-and-so, and thus "rebuke the cohorts of the archfiend"—which is rather hard on the "party of the other part."

The editor of a country paper remarks that half the people who attend musical entertainments in his town "don't know the difference between a symphony and a sardine."

A St. Louis lawyer attempted to try a case the other day while he was half drunk, but the judge stopped him, saying: "No lawyer can serve two bars at the same time."

A clergyman once posted the following notice on the gate of the church: "Found.—Two hats on my strawberry-bed. The owners can have them by proving property."

There was a singular coincidence between the fire in the Warwick House in Boston, and the burning of Warwick Castle, the residence of the Earl of Warwick, on the same day.

An old lady thinks the Bonds must be a family of strong religious instincts, because she hears of so many of them being converted.

The drab overcoats now so generally worn by gentlemen were fashionable three generations ago, and were called box-coats.

A gentlemen, who named one of his pigs Maud, says he did so because she is continually "coming into the garden."

A party by the name of Jones has written a book to prove that "The United States is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Why is a man's life safest before he has had dinner? Because he can't di-gest then.

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THE "HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY."—No. 5.

"WHY, SHE'S AT HOME! AND I AM CERTAIN THIS IS HER VISITING-DAY! IF EVERY ONE IS AT HOME LIKE THIS, WE SHALL NEVER GET THROUGH OUR CALLS."

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